THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts, and Public Affairs.

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WHEN THE WORM TURNS

IT HAS been fine weather for what is called tolerance. Senator Borah was moved to mourn over the vagaries of an inexhaustible brother from Alabama. Speaking to his Protestant Episcopal congregation in New York City, the Reverend J. A. Maynard severely castigated Bishop Cannon and attributed to that astute politician qualities no less grave than "ignorance" and "pharisaism." The Bishop himself rose nobly to the occasion by applauding the shooting of a Washington lad by prohibition agents. He could have paid no greater tribute to the "noble experiment," which has done so much to soften the minds and harden the hearts of reformers. But all this is as nothing compared with the letter addressed by Senator Royal S. Copeland to certain ecclesiastical authorities (and to his constituency) deploring that as a Methodist he was forced to witness the political maneuvers—verily even the "lobbying"—of his church.

Perhaps the most interesting thing about Senator Copeland's letter is its assertion that the author, like a worm, has turned. "Undoubtedly," he says, "I did wrong not to speak long ago, but now, certainly, a decent self-respect, as well as a growing conviction that this business must end, demands that I record my protest." The tenor of the protest is not startlingly novel. That the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals has been out to keep Congress safe for drought; that its agents have claimed credit for "getting" votes, including Senator Copeland's own; that the things of God and of Caesar have been hectically mixed in Washington—these are charges the like of which have been buzzed abroad for years. Dr. Clarence True Wilson's reply on behalf of the Board denies the specific allegations, and proceeds very neatly to read the Senator out of Methodism into Tammany Hall. And the reply raises two questions difficult to answer: Why did the Senator remain silent so long, and why has he spoken now?

We are not concerned with formulating a response to either. But Dr. Wilson's message is absorbing for two reasons. His declaration that the Catholic Church maintains a Washington headquarters similar to the Methodist Board is misleading. The proper counterpart of the National Catholic Welfare Conference is the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. Both organizations grew out of a wartime desire to realize the social efficacy of the Christian faith. While both have sometimes attempted to de-

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fend rights to which their constituencies were entitled, their object was primarily the education of the social conscience. One may disagree heartily with some measures adopted by the Conference or the Council; but one can hardly read anything into the record of either except a sincere wish to serve religion and the country. Dr. Wilson's analogy is, therefore, quite inaccurate and unfair.

Its erroneousness becomes even more apparent when one examines the paragraph in which Senator Copeland is read out of the church to which he professes to belong. "Our church is dry and he is wet," writes Dr. Wilson. "The Methodist Church stands back of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act and back of President Hoover's program for its enforcement; Senator Copeland stands with Tammany Hall on all these matters." That is a succinct creed, surely. Now it so happens that, in its issue of May 1, The Christian Century (interdenominational, Chicago) analyzes Professor George H. Betts's new book, The Beliefs of 700 Ministers. The editors state that the evidence leads to conclusions like this: "There seems to be the smallest degree of doctrinal uniformity among the Methodists, who could muster only 80 percent in agreement upon only eleven of the fifty-six items" (which items, we may remark, were such trifling matters as belief in God, the Divinity of Christ and a future life); "There was not a single proposition in the whole list upon which the 111 Methodist preachers agreed unanimously except that there is a God who may properly be thought of as a Father, and that Jesus was tempted"; "No church can successfully, or legitimately, or even honestly, teach as essentials of Christian faith what its own ministry does not believe. If any have in mind a program of thorough indoctrination of the children through the Sunday schools, it might be suggested that they try it on the clergy first."

These conclusions, sad though they be, have not been invented by us. We present them ready-made, in order that the creed of Dr. Wilson may be the more effective in its austerity. It is a religion of drought, which absorbs its "thou shalt nots" from the Eighteenth Amendment, the Volstead Act and Mr. Hoover's recent addresses. The only difficulty connected with the matter is that here is a church to which some of us may not care to belong. Now and then a feeling assails us that the constitution and the legal tradition of the United States give us permission to unfurl our spiritual sails in such water as we prefer. But even more ominous is the suspicion, which will not down, that the followers of John Wesley have gone completely off the Christian track. To anyone who has been profoundly grateful for all of fervent Christian belief and virtue that has abided in the Methodist body, it is really very shocking to learn that this body now accepts, as its sole creed, one of the less effective moral mandates of Mohammed. The symbol of the cross has, in all truth, made room for a highly symbolic camel!

WEEK BY WEEK

APPARENTLY the McNary bill, affording as much farm relief as the President feels is consistent with the general welfare of the country, is headed for trouble. The Senate has, it is clear, given considerable support to a debenture scheme which it wished to append to the bill, partly in order to satisfy more vehement demands for relief and partly to embarrass the White House. Mr. Watson's May-day address was, no doubt, a valiant and significant endeavor to halt this tide. Speaking as majority floor leader, the Senator declared bluntly that the debenture plan would neither be accepted by the House nor signed by the President. He therefore concluded, with typical Hoosier wisdom, that the thing to do was to shower such blessings upon agriculture as were available. Though this argument was not without its strong points, Senator Fess buttressed it with a lengthy defense of the McNary bill, in which the relief problem was boiled down to this question: how can the farmer get better prices without burdening the consumer too heavily? One may be pardoned for surmising that this inquiry is too complex to be answered with such a simple response as the new bill makes. But the country will, in all likelihood, soon proceed to witness a great and colorful senatorial combat which may end in a triumphant acquisition by the farmer of nothing at all.

Farming and the Senate

BRITISH voters face a very exciting campaign, in which the candidates of three rival parties will raise their voices in denunciation and prophecy. The Conservatives are generally believed to be dwelling under a cloud. Though Mr. Churchill's final budget, upon which great hopes had been placed, manifested some progress, it contained nothing more exciting than the abolition of the tax on tea. And it will be difficult to declare yourself, even in England, as the representative of the party which accomplished the momentous stunt of removing tuppence from the price of orange pekoe. Mr. Lloyd George has galvanized the Liberal party back into vigorous existence by concentrating upon unemployment. He says not merely that he will "relieve" this malady, but states precisely what the cure will be and how it will work. Though his economics are dismissed by staunch Baldwinites as "faking," they apparently have tremendous publicity value which is being utilized through hook-ups and so forth. Finally the Labor party has appeared with a "moderately Socialistic" program, in the fashioning of which Mr. MacDonald has had the lion's share. The most striking declaration is probably the stand "for control of the Bank of England by a public corporation, including representatives of the Treasury, the Board of Trade, industry, labor and the coöperative movement."

How Shall Britons Vote?

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ARE the methods of Herr Hugenberg entering into the affairs of United States journalism? The testimony of A. R. Graustein, president of the International Paper and Power Company, assured the Federal Trade Commission that the capital stock of fourteen important journals had been heavily bought into by a concern vitally interested in what is called "public utilities propaganda." So far, however, the incident reveals nothing that should cause serious alarm. The company appears to have been interested in making good investments and in providing a market for its newsprint—an item which it has not been able to dispose of at a profit. But there is significance in the possibility that journals of opinion may ultimately be bound up with huge concentrations of industrially employed capital; that these concentrations in turn may be further amalgamated by holding-company tactics; and that pressing on one button may eventually write a thousand editorials. As things are now, however, it may be well to reflect, with the New York World, upon the immediate problems of journalistic independence which grow out of social, political and personal relations. "The maintenance of independence against these subtler influences," says the World, "depends at last upon the personal and professional self-respect of newspapermen themselves. It depends upon how seriously they believe in their own work."

Black on White

THE NEW YORK WORLD comments editorially upon the arrest in New York of Salvador Ateca, a wealthy Spaniard, and Antonio Gomez Maquero, his secretary, on the charge of attempting to smuggle arms to the Mexican rebel army. Whether the two men actually jumped their bail in El Paso, and whether the $750,000 found in their possession actually was stolen from the Chihuahua public treasury, as the World assumes; or whether Ateca is simply being deviled at the instigation of the Mexican Vice-Consul here for his known sympathies with the Mexican rebels, as his indignant attorney charges—must be left for legal inquiry to determine. The really arresting thing about the editorial is the reminder it gives the reader of the strange principle upon which this genuinely liberal newspaper continues to place its sympathies in the struggle going on to the south of us. "The vigilance of the American authorities in the matter of arms shipments," so runs the comment, "has been a constant grievance to Mexican rebels; if it is to be supplemented by an equal vigilance regarding loot, they will feel keenly hurt." There follow jocose and telling details about the inevitable connection between patriotism and plunder in the typical "leader of a Latin-American uprising," with a concluding picture of the swag being transported abroad to serve as "consolation for an exile on the Riviera, in Madrid or in Paris." Certainly the fact that the World is committed to the defense of the epical looters who are in the saddle in Mexico City need not lead it into ineptitude. It is true that the Church property of Mexico has furnished Calles and Company with pickings beside which the alleged boodle of Señor Ateca pales into pocket money. But there ought to be some more subtle method of leading the reader away from the suggested comparison than by pointing excitedly in the opposite direction at an opera bouffe figure enjoying his exile "on the Riviera, in Madrid or in Paris."

Plunder Here and There

TO LE CORRESPONDANT, about which the Abbé Klein writes in this issue, we extend our sincere felicitations for the centenary observance which has focused the attention of France upon its oldest review. From the beginning of our own enterprise, the example of the literary effort sponsored by Montalembert, the Comte de Mun and their friends has meant inspiring guidance. When Le Correspondant began to appear in 1829, a line of battle was still tautly drawn between those who identified the Catholic faith with old political régimes, and those who felt that the newest democratic forms of government which had developed out of an era of revolution were realities which the Church could safely accept. It took courage and skill to make the case for a new conciliation of liberty and authority. Today the issue has been nowhere more effectively decided than in France. Much real work remains to be done there, of course, as elsewhere in the world. We are sure that Le Correspondant will continue to aid valiantly in the performance of this task; and for ourselves we wish no better fate than to stand and work by its side.

Le Correspondant

INEVITABLY—also fortunately—the announced plan of the Harvard Corporation to build up a $10,000,000 endowment fund for athletic purposes will stir up rabid discussion in circles wider than purely academic ones. Back of the plan lies the apparent motive of rendering sports independent of gate receipts. But this will hardly be enough to reassure those who still believe, quaintly enough, that such paltry academic needs as increased teachers' salaries and better lecture-hall and laboratory facilities should take precedence over the advertising medium which college sports have largely become. The problem can hardly be handled as a purely internal affair. A step of this sort creates a fad which other colleges are apt to follow, and a public impression which may not reflect happily on our national attitude toward higher education. It is not as if Harvard faced an acute economic crisis in its athletic activities. The Harvard Athletic Association has a healthy surplus. It has been more than self-supporting, whereas, if we are to believe the many appeals of the Harvard Fund Council, the academic needs of the university demand a constant flow of fresh funds.

Rings on Their Toes

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The income from a $10,000,000 endowment would pay the salaries of approximately one hundred professors. We cannot quite escape the feeling, therefore, that it would set a better example to the country at large, and perhaps enhance the popular regard for college athletics, if, instead of releasing sports from economic pressure, Harvard were to use the healthy income from sports to release its lecture halls from a really stringent economic want. The present plan seems calculated to dampen the ardor of those who are asked repeatedly to give for educational needs.

CAPTAIN OSTERHAUS of the United States cruiser Richmond is to be congratulated for permitting the liquor-questing coast guard to board and search his ship. It is probable that he resented the slight cast upon the navy; and he must have resented the implied suspicion of himself as an officer whose control of his men was to be investigated, not by his superiors, but by the coast guard. If he had turned back the boarding party under these circumstances, there is no doubt that public opinion would have backed him to the hilt. As it is he put the doubters in a very sorry light, nor would they have appeared much less ridiculous if they had managed to pick up a bottle of Scotch. The whole history of prohibition offers no spectacle sillier than this of enforcement agents examining every inch of a vessel of the fleet, even peering into the muzzles of the guns. Newspaper headlines reporting that the cruiser had been boarded and searched were startling enough to look at over a Sunday morning breakfast, but it was a small surprise compared to that which lurked in the statement that the search had been ordered by the prohibition office on no information more reliable, on no charges more trustworthy, than those contained in an anonymous letter.

What Spikes the Navy's Guns?

THE value of the kindly word has never, in sports, been more amply demonstrated than in the defeat of the American Ryder Cup team. Despite the contrary assurance of dates and figures, the match was lost to us long before it was played. It was lost two summers ago when Mr. Walter Hagen, asked to explain the overwhelming success of the Americans in the British Open which had just ended, declared that Englishmen were too lazy to make winning golfers. They had the ability, he intimated, but were sadly lacking in the will to practise and the will to win. Britain did not take kindly to Mr. Hagen's kidding. Nevertheless Mr. Hagen reëstablished himself personally in the graces of golfers overseas by taking with great good nature the worst drubbing a champion has ever received at the hands of Mr. Archie Compston. There was an explanation. Mr. Compston had practised for the match. He had brought his game to such a peak of perfection that after putting Mr. Hagen in place he went stale. But no matter. Britain had been shown the way to revenge. Into the Channel with laziness. Practice must be the order of the day. When Mr. George Duncan was named captain of this year's Ryder Cup team, much progress had already been made. But Captain Duncan was not satisfied. He became a slave-driver. Every day his stalwarts must practise, every day cultivate the will to win. And of course they succeeded. Hagen, Farrell, Sarazen, Watrous, Turnesa—all these great men went down in the name of an aroused Britain. Captain Duncan received the cup. And it is rumored that he addressed an imaginary reporter: "The Americans are a lazy lot. They are also too cocky. They will not admit the necessity of practice."

The Morality of Golf

AS IN other states along the northern border, the past winter was felt severely in Wisconsin. The snowfall was heavier than in any year since 1912, the temperature dropped, at times, to forty degrees below zero, the roads were almost impassable, and an epidemic of influenza in December and January forced schools and movie theatres in many sections to close their doors. It was perhaps as a gesture of defiance against such winters that amateur dramatic societies were organized all over the rural districts of the state on a scale which has probably never been attempted before in this country. Manuscripts were furnished by the Extension Division of the University and the State Traveling Library; coaches, too, came from the University to direct rehearsals. Competitions were held between the various societies of each county, and many villages, having seen the productions of their own players, exchanged companies and programs with other villages. Approximately 170 groups with more than twelve hundred actors in their casts participated in a state-wide tournament, the finals of which were held in Madison. Enthusiasm was general, and it has been predicted that next winter will see the number of companies and players doubled, at least. No wonder President Glenn Frank of the State University is optimistic for the "development of a folk-theatre and a folk-drama that will sink its roots in the soil of Wisconsin. . . ."

Wisconsin Winter

IN A recent issue of the Universe, Mr. Chesterton turns the startling common sense which has produced the highest average of quotability in our time upon a little-considered aspect of the Church's universal rightness. He notes that, while she is often, and justly, praised for going slow, she should occasionally, with equal justice, be praised for going fast. "If we go back to the very beginning of a story," he says, "we very often find that the Church did actually do something which her foes ignored and even her friends forgot." There is, for example, the case of Saint Joan of Arc, whose condemnation the

When the Church Leads

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Pope reversed in the lifetime of her contemporaries—"about as soon as anybody could have expected anything of the sort to be reversed." By this action, Callistus III not only beat secular and humanitarian historians by something like five centuries in the case of that particular saint, but also set a general example which the rest of humanity has not precisely tumbled over itself to follow. Mr. Chesterton makes this point grimly clear by appending a long list of the victims of judicial crimes, all of whom illustrate the truth of his contention that, "when those who build the sepulchre are really and truly the representatives or inheritors of those who threw the stones, it [the building] does not generally happen for hundreds of years." It would be interesting to see this whole thesis of the forehandedness of the Church worked out in detail. History abounds with instances of it. We hope that Mr. Chesterton will return to the attack.

The Making of Books

SUMMARIES for 1927 just announced by the National Association of Book Publishers show that one-tenth of the 227,495,544 copies published in that year were on religion and philosophy. Books in this classification increased 80 percent over 1925, while the total volume of publishing increased only 13 percent. The gain, of course, has not been all to the good. If it is easier to find a publisher for work of substantial merit, it is easier, also, to provide the dignity of print for comment of the street-corner variety disguised as religious or philosophical, sometimes by no more than a title. Looking back over the two years represented in the publishers' summary, one recalls three or four "philosophical" and "religious" books which had a combined circulation of several millions, but not one of which made the least contribution to philosophy and religion, or did the least service for their purchasers. The success of these books may be put down to the appeal which advertisements of them made to the curious, but curiosity alone will not explain the other 18,000,000 books. In the last analysis, the report must be interpreted as one more sign of the reawakening of modern America's interest in religion and philosophy.

The Independent Grocer

APPARENTLY the chain store is not so dangerous a threat to the existence of the independent grocer as has been generally supposed. At least this was the drift of remarks addressed to the National Chamber of Commerce by Mr. J. Frank Grimes, president of the Independent Grocers' Alliance of America. He discussed a number of ways in which the independent is meeting the competition of the chains. He adopts the cash-and-carry system or its logical development, the self-service plan; even more effective than this, he standardizes his lines and cooperates with other independent units for buying. In other words, his best chances for remaining an independent are to adopt the methods of the chain. "The wholesaler and independent retailer can more than match in economy, efficiency and merchandizing ability any other system—if they put aside all false pride, theories and ideas and work together." Wherever this has been done, according to Mr. Grimes, the independents have easily held their own with the great bogy. A strong and organized body of independents will always assure continued competition to the chains, and the consumer, who has overwhelmingly approved the advantages of cash-and-carry marketing, will be in less fear of falling one day in the hands of a monopoly.

The Autobus—Its Literature

IT HAS often struck us as curious that the far-faring autobus has not been generally adopted by travel writers, not only as a means of getting into rather more intimate touch with the countryside than the train affords, but also for what it offers, in itself, as copy. Then, too, it is cheaper than rail, which was the reason Mr. Oakley Johnson decided for it this past winter when he found it necessary to make a journey from Detroit to New York. The result is an essay in a recent Salient of the sort that we have been hoping to see. One is impressed by the fact that Mr. Oakley was never very comfortable; that on several occasions he was uneasy, and that his trip lasted two days and a half. Further, one comes to the conviction that an old order of travel has been restored in America, for those, at least, who are hardy enough to avail themselves of it. Within the bus ride twenty or thirty people. They cannot stroll about, as on a train or boat. It must be that suffering discomforts in common eventually establishes between them a sort of spiritual rapport, and one would think that they would begin to regale each other with confidences and stories whenever a stop was made for lunch, much in the manner of Chaucer's pilgrims. Perhaps when the Great American Novel is written, it will shape into The Tales of an Autobus Lunch Room.

THOMAS EDISON'S SUCCESSOR

IT IS only natural that Thomas A. Edison should worry about his successor. He has been the Great Conqueror, the nonpareil, of our time, but there are worlds aplenty which he has only looked at from afar, or penciled on his map for an attention which they have not yet received. Other winners of empire, in their later age, have harrassed their nights and days with the problem of finding the one-favored-of-stars who might maintain and extend dominion: Mr. Edison has as much right as any of these to concern himself with the future of the work he has begun. There must be an heir to wizardry, and the heir must be worthy of his mantle.

So, with all the pomp decent to such a quest, the master has gathered his lieutenants and made known to them his will. In each state of the United States,

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and in the District of Columbia, must be found one youth of "unusual capabilities"—one male student "who is the best representative of American manhood and possesses the highest ability in natural scientific subjects during the school year of 1928-1929." And from these forty-nine may be found one who has "the genius to carry on the great work." But this last shall be determined by the master himself.

When the forty-nine have been designated by the various states their governors, and by the District of Columbia its commissioners, they will be brought to East Orange, New Jersey, which is the chief citadel of the empire, as all the world knows. They will be invited, perhaps, to sit down. They will be refreshed after their hard journeying. And they will be asked questions. By whom, it is not known. But it is known that the master himself will prepare the questionnaire, and that he will give his scrutiny to the answers, possibly under the light of his own magic lantern. It is only this spectacle which gives us to confusion. Wishing to spare any embarrassment to the youth of this land, we pray that the master does not find their forty-nine best champions "amazedly ignorant." And we hope that when the questions are set up everywhere for men to read, as in this day of publicity it is impossible they will not be, the bumptious University of Chicago will not embarrass him by drawing up a set of questions for him to answer, as it did upon another memorable occasion. Perhaps it is even more important to avoid this than it is to secure a favorable opinion upon the intelligence of our unusual young men. For no matter how they meet the test, there will be, for them, some compensation. Each will receive an Edison radio-phonograph, autographed—but we go too far, the news says nothing of autographs; will receive, at any rate, a music box which ought to console those who are not selected, as well as provide a souvenir of the event. As for the winner, if there is one, he will be given a four-year scholarship in a technical college of his own choice. After that, it may be presumed, he will be received into the laboratories at East Orange, and from time to time will be given goodly advice by Mr. Edison himself.

At this point we begin to prophesy. Eventually he will become a famous man, enjoying the admiration and esteem of other famous men. But it is most highly improbable that he will ever become the true successor to Mr. Thomas Edison. Destiny does not work that way. It is probable that the true successor will be a man whose name neither Mr. Edison nor ourselves will ever hear. It is probable that he will not even be connected with the Edison laboratories. It is probable that he will not come from any of the forty-eight states and one District which are now being searched for him. From some neglected Corsica will he come into Mr. Edison's true dominion, which is mastery over the details of physics and mechanics. When, none can predict. How, no one can prophesy. He may not yet be born, or he may be nearing Lodi. But when his genius is revealed, the world will connect him with no predecessor. It will be said that he owes nothing to any teacher, less to any patron. By his unaided efforts he arose; by his own bootstraps lifted him up. Thus it will be said. But at the end of a long career, full of amazements and high astounding deeds, in which he will have been too busy to read what was being said about him, he will call together his clerks, his chroniclers, and say: "This that I have done would have been impossible if another had not paved the way. None of these marvels could have come to pass if another had not wrought before me. His name was Thomas Edison. I am his apostle."

EXIT THE COMMONER

IT MAY well be that the historian of the future will point to the present session of Congress as to a turning-point in the American story. For whatever advantages the agrarian population may wrest from the raffle, it has been decisively and almost pathetically beaten. The conception of life and government by which it had sworn for more than a century began to wane during the war. When the farmer allowed himself to be drafted for a struggle in which he had nothing at stake (regardless of the chunks of his pet philosophy which were inserted into the official declarations) and from the outcome of which he had nothing to gain, he paid tribute to industrial power in the purest coin of patriotism. Maybe he had been wrong all the time. Possibly the "America of the people" which had been set before so many million eyes as an ideal beyond compare was really only a silly, rural notion—an interesting species of child's play. But the change was significant for all that. The "people's" champions, Bryan and LaFollette, sniffed it in the air. Their opposition to Mr. Wilson's crusade may have been instinctive rather than reasonable, but it was bred of shrewd perception none the less.

And so when one sees, for almost the first time in history, a Congress chosen by parties which unite in approving the tariff, the monopoly, the organization of big business and the repudiation of all social action as "paternalism," one knows that the defeat of ten years ago has become a rout. There are still a few scattered voices of protest from the Middle-West, but no outcry to stir the soul of the crowd or to send all scurrying back to the spiritual Lares of their fathers. Indeed those fathers have become well-nigh incredible. Jefferson is buried in oblivion. With Beveridge we have looked at the social reality out of which Lincoln came, and most of us have liked it not at all. But the fate of Bryan is the most obvious because the most immediate. Such biographies of the man as we possess—Mr. M. R. Werner's is the most recent—are couched in terms of good-natured derision and condescension. You get your fill of references to the Nebraskan's hearty appetite, and of résumés of what happened at Dayton, Tenessee. But when you ask the

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only question that really matters—how did this brown-skinned young country lawyer fasten his grip upon a countless throng?—the writer stares back at you vapidly, as if the query were like a demand for an exposition of Houdini's bag of tricks.

An oratorical voice, for instance, is a great thing, but Beveridge and Spooner had as much of this as Bryan. Knowledge of the political game is invaluable, but it may safely be averred that the Nebraskan never learned this game thoroughly. The real explanation is that he succeeded in dividing the American nation into clear-cut halves which actually faced each other in grim, relentless battle. His party came alive in him just as the martial instincts of Frenchmen leaped to being in Napoleon. From the very beginning he placed his finger unerringly upon the right recruiting slogans. "Destroy our farms and grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country"; "If taxation is a badge of freedom, let me assure my friend that the poor people of this country are covered all over with the insignia of freedom"; "There are those who believe that, if you will only legislate to make the well-to-do prosperous, their prosperity will leak through on those below; but the Democratic idea has been that if you legislate to make the masses prosperous, their prosperity will find its way up through every class that rests upon them"—these phrases, uttered during and before the Chicago convention, rallied to Bryan's support six and a half million citizens, nearly enough to elect him President.

And they did still more. Up to this time no political party had openly enlisted the aid of corporate finance. But in the fall of 1896, New York banks had eagerly inflicted upon themselves a capital levy of 1 percent, Standard Oil had written its cheque for $250,000, and almost equally magnanimous contributions from other sources helped along the publication of 120,000,000 Republican pamphlets—all in order to avert the menace of Bryanism. Unquestionably bimetallism was wrong, and the sweeping attack on the tariff was wrong. And yet there were big impressive facts: that less than ½ of 1 percent owned half the nation's wealth; that the National Guard had become an institution for enforcing injunctions against workers; and that imperialism was in the offing. These were enough to put meat on the bones of a popular movement. When Bryan spoke, he was simply a kind of sponge absorbing what he wanted from the world to which he intimately belonged.

America has not yet settled the problems round which the great political conflicts of those years raged. We may deceive ourselves with the appearances of prosperity, but no sincere man will talk without anxiety of bounty that depends absolutely upon a favorable speculative balance; and though our economics are far wiser than were the theories which eddied in the wake of Henry George, our practical application of them is still frighteningly shoddy. At any rate those problems were never the fundamental concern of Bryanism. That reposed upon convictions which are still very much alive, and upon which the cultural development of the United States was in a great measure dependent. The Commoner belonged, as Lincoln before him had belonged, to the vast "pioneer population" which sprang from the push westward through the middle states. Both retained a faith in America as the best and most favored of all countries, and a faith in the average man who could not be fooled all the time. But whereas Lincoln represents a historical moment when the struggle between deism and the Presbyterian-Methodist-Baptist revival was still unsettled, Bryan was the hour of the revivalist triumph.

He was, indeed, a George Whitefield turned politician. Never without the conviction that he had been entrusted with a mission of which he must prove worthy, Bryan transformed scriptural phrases into moral maxims and moral maxims into political slogans. In all this he was not eccentric, as some people seem to feel, but simply expressive of the code which millions of his folk accepted as their ideal. It was a simple, literal, poorly buttressed faith. One thing nevertheless must be said for it—it had given a vast populace everything of moral strength and beauty it possessed. And the irate, old-fashioned Bryan who lectured to Chatauquas and finally made a stand at Dayton happened, in this respect, to be profoundly right. The people who tossed their Bibles out of the window at the behest of young prophets of ape origins would not immediately apprehend the subtly intellectualized faith of more highly advanced civilizations. Bryan knew from his own experience that when this "rock of ages" had once been dynamited, there would be for many no support and no terrain upon which to fight against darkness. Possibly he was saving something that could not be saved, fighting against implacably triumphant ridicule. But after one has seen how neatly writers like Mr. Werner can pepper their books with little dashes of religious satire, one is profoundly certain that they have no substitute to offer America for the simple religion of Bryan's mob. They sing no hymns—primarily for the reason that they own nothing, look to nothing, that is worthy of a hymn.

This part of the "people's movement" is not yet over, but it is slowly fading out. Curiously enough the political maturity of the revival coincided almost precisely with the stroke of political paralysis which fell upon Populism. While the Methodists were welcoming the advent of Volsteadism, in the name of a century-old temperance effort, Mr. Harding was preparing for victory. But it is only a question of time until the second wave follows the first into oblivion. An America headed directly away from everything inculcated by the spiritual teachers of the frontier will soon enough repudiate their politico-moral conclusions. Underneath the fundamental problems of the country's faith and moral virility abide. They also have not been settled. What new version of them our children shall see, God only knows.

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BORROWING AND REPARATIONS

By A. E. MONROE

What is the financial problem involved in the payment of German reparations? Dr. Monroe answers, we believe, with both lucidity and originality. He feels that the German people are virtually signing mortgages on their property, moneys having been made available by relatively high interest rates. It should be added that although the following paper touches upon questions which the experts' commission has recently debated, it is no commentary upon the work of that commission. Dr. Monroe deals with financial matters and takes no cognizance of the political situations involved.—The Editors.

TWO ideas stand out so prominently in most discussions concerning reparations that the man in the street may be pardoned for concluding that they must be the basis of any adequate solution of this vexing question. Yet both are unsound, as I shall try to show. These are, first, that the difficulty of transferring the sums collected from Germany sets a practical limit to the amount the Allies can hope to obtain; and, second, that the loans from abroad which have accounted for most of Germany's payments since the Dawes plan has been in operation are at best only a temporary palliative. In reality, these loans are a perfectly normal result of reparation payments, whether transfer be easy or greatly impeded. They throw no light on Germany's capacity to pay or the Allies' ability to collect.

Now it is no part of my argument to deny that the transfer of the huge sums due on reparations accounts is likely to encounter serious difficulties. In fact I think that is probably the case. The point is that such difficulties have little effect upon the final result, as things now stand. Failure to recognize this has been due to a strange ignoring of the place of investment in the modern world.

Let us begin by considering the results to be expected if the transfer of reparations were as simple as the proverbial rolling off a log. So far as Germany is concerned there would almost certainly be a curtailment of investment, nearly if not quite equivalent to the sum paid to the Allies. To provide all the necessary funds by forcing a reduction of consumption—the only alternative—was politically out of the question, even if physically possible. Interest rates would therefore rise in Germany, her demands for capital being at least as great as before the war. In the Allied countries, on the other hand, no such result would follow, except perhaps for a time. If the restoration of devastated areas were carried on more rapidly than reparation payments were received, there would be a temporary stiffening of interest rates; but this would be offset later when reparation payments exceeded the amounts being spent on restorations. In countries where there were no devastated regions to be restored the funds coming from Germany would have a depressive effect on the money markets from the start, unless an increase in consumption occurred, which is not very probable.

This discrepancy between interest rates in Germany and the rates prevailing outside would cause investment funds to flow into the German market until something like the previous balance had been restored. It is not a question of equalizing rates, for capital is not sufficiently liquid to bring this about even under more favorable conditions, but of restoring the prewar relation between the interest rates in different countries. It is very doubtful whether this backward movement of funds would equal the original payments, but there is every reason to believe that it would be of substantial proportions. All this would continue as long as the payment of reparations lasted. Germany would borrow as she paid.

If this is the net result of reparation payments, why not avoid the serious dislocations sure to be wrought by such investment flows—not difficulties of transfer as such—by borrowing in the first place? Unfortunately this expedient, which served the French government so well for its indemnity payments in 1871, was not open to Germany. Her credit was shattered by the calamitous inflation of her currency, the stability of her new government was doubted both at home and abroad, and the mistrust and aversion engendered by years of bitter warfare could not be lightly brushed away. More's the pity.

Would the result just described be prevented or seriously modified if the transfer of reparations encountered grave difficulty? That depends. If things were left to themselves, the ebb and flow of investment funds would be checked before it had got fairly started; but under such procedure as provided by the Dawes plan, firm and wise management could effect about the same readjustment as would ensue under the simplest conditions—borrowing by Germany as long as reparation payments continued and in amounts roughly proportional to, though probably less than, these payments.

To understand the importance of proper management under the Dawes plan we must consider how the payments made by the Reich to the Agent-General for Reparations are likely to affect Germany's investment markets. If the Agent-General sequestrates or internes, so to speak, such sums as he finds himself unable to transfer, they will be just as effectively withdrawn from the market and will have just as much stiffening effect on interest rates as if they had been successfully remitted abroad; and if this policy is adhered to it must eventually attract funds from outside. The pressure to abandon it may be great, what with Allied dissatisfaction over the non-receipt of repara-

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tions and German resentment at tight money while large sums lie idle within her borders; but it is nevertheless the wise policy in any long-run view of the problem.

If the Agent-General yields to pressure or sentiment and invests his untransferred balances in Germany, the result, as I have intimated, will be an easing of German money rates and a reduction of the differential between German and foreign rates which is the lure needed to attract funds from abroad. The case would not be hopeless, however. The Agent-General would have acquired prime German investments which he could sell in foreign markets or use as collateral for an issue of bonds. By proceeding with caution, and perhaps aided by some kind of Allied endorsement or guarantee, he ought to be able to dispose of his holdings without great loss, though it might be necessary to pay pretty heavily for underwriting until investors became familiar with this new type of "investment trust." Perhaps a board or bank could handle the matter better. It would be much easier, moreover, if enough funds could be kept out of the German money market—either by actual transfer abroad or by action of the Agent-General—to keep interest rates higher in Germany than elsewhere.

I do not mean to imply that the framers of the Dawes plan thought of this as one of the functions of the machinery they set up to deal with the transfer of reparations. It seems more probable that they were in doubt about the possibilities of transfer and, rightly enough, considered this a good way to put the question to a test. So far the tightness of the German money market and the consequent flow of investment funds to Germany have apparently not been dependent upon the operations of the Agent-General. Loans from abroad have been forthcoming about as rapidly as there were reparation payments to be transferred. This has been due, it would seem, in part to the "payments in kind," and in part to the abnormal capital needs of German industries after the neglect of the war years.

It would be premature, however, to conclude from this that the work of the Agent-General is over. If anything should occur to check such transfer of reparations as is now being effected or to retard the backward flow of funds to Germany, there would be need of some such means of taking up the slack and preventing a deadlock. A boom in one of the creditor countries, for example, would raise interest rates there, at least temporarily, and cut down the margin by which German interest rates attract foreign investors. The present wave of stock speculation in this country tends to have this effect, but it is difficult to say just how much influence it has. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Agent-General and the Transfer Committee will not be abolished unless some agency is set up to take over this important function.

These loans to Germany, it may be objected, only increase the problem of transfer. Will they not have to be repaid some day, and do they not entail heavy interest payments in the meanwhile? Why it should be so generally assumed that the first question must be answered in the affirmative is a mystery. Does anyone suppose that the great sums which British investors have poured into Argentina "must be repaid"? The loans, it is true, may mature at no very late date, but as long as the industries are prosperous a refunding is the natural thing to expect. The loans now being made to German borrowers may run forever unless German investors desire to take them over.

As for the interest payments, practically the same arguments can be advanced as apply to the reparation payments themselves. If they can be transferred they will tend to lower interest rates outside of Germany. If they cannot be transferred, except at a loss, their owners will have every incentive to leave them on deposit in Germany—in effect a loan.

Loans to Germany, then, are the almost inevitable result of reparation payments under existing conditions. Does this mean that Germany by some subtle means is evading her obligations, as the much-used phrase "paying reparations out of loans" seems to imply? Of course not. A man who gives a mortgage on his house in order to satisfy a damage claim against him is poorer from that moment, and all his other creditors know it. And if the person who takes the mortgage also happens to be the one to whom the damages are due, shall we say he has paid the claim out of his own pocket and allowed the real culprit to go free? Germany's case is no different. She is poorer by every mortgage she has to lay on her national income.

Nor does it make any difference, as far as the Allies are concerned, what the loans are used for, so long as the security is deemed adequate—a point for the dispassionate analysis of bankers. A loan for any purpose simply releases that much German capital for any other borrower who can pay the price. There is not the slightest objection to allowing the Germans to place their loans through their strongest borrowers, be they municipalities, states or industrial enterprises.

The Germans themselves, however, cannot view the trend of investment in their country with this indifference. Loans for such purposes as parks and housing do not produce the wherewithal for paying the interest due; they do not increase the productivity of German labor, except very indirectly in some cases. They should be regarded as a form of consumption requiring an expensive foreign ingredient—capital—and regulated accordingly. Industrial loans, however, not only increase the output of labor enough to provide for interest payments, but generally do better than that, as every business man familiar with the practice of "trading on the equity" is well aware. They are therefore to be encouraged as a means of rebuilding Germany's wealth and hastening the day when the foreign loans can pass into German hands.

This "paying off the mortgage" will doubtless begin

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gradually. As the taxes which furnished reparation payments are abolished or reduced, the people of Germany may be expected to increase their consumption somewhat, but some increase of investment is also probable. If made at home, as is likely, this will lower interest rates and eventually lead to the purchase of securities in foreign markets. To pay for these there will develop an increase in German exports, visible and invisible, especially the latter at first. Such lines as banking, insurance and shipping, which will be favored by Germany's low interest rates, will obtain an increasing share of the world's business. Some German commodities will sell better in world markets. There is no reason, however, to expect that this change will be catastrophic. The whole process is a voluntary one, it must be remembered, and so will doubtless stop short of calamity.

This reference to Germany's economic recovery raises the question of the threat to the prosperity of the rest of the world that is supposed to lurk in the loans by means of which she is rebuilding her industrial machine. Are we not helping to cut our own throats in thus providing Germany with new and efficient means of waging commercial warfare upon us? For the most part these fears seem to me to be pure moonshine. That German industry is destined to become a formidable competitor in many lines is very probable, but it will achieve this by the same means it employed before the war, not because it has obtained loans from abroad. For we must not forget that capital will not flow to Germany, generally speaking, until the alternatives at home are worse, often considerably worse. In other words, investment in Germany's industries presupposes that similar opportunities have already been taken advantage of at home. If our business men are as alert as the Germans are, we shall be as well equipped as they.

What, then, are we to conclude concerning the limit of reparations, since it is not, or need not be, a question of transfer difficulties? It is simply the amount which the German government can collect from its people. The physical maximum is all the income-yielding property of the country and all its income above the bare subsistence needs of the people, but of course the politically feasible maximum is nowhere near that. This for the first year. Thereafter there would be only the national income to draw upon, but such payments might continue indefinitely. An infinite total if you don't mind waiting! This is perhaps a hard saying—too hard to make a few years ago. I hope it will not now be interpreted as implying sympathy with a program of bitter revenge.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SUCCESS

By FELIX KLEIN

ON APRIL 18 there was held, in that illustrious church of the Carmes which now serves the Institut Catholique as a chapel, a ceremony so unusual in character that it merits the attention of Catholics resident in the United States as well as of those who live in Paris. Monsignor Baudrillart said a Mass of thanksgiving for the centenary of the Correspondant. The bishop of Arras, Monsignor Julien, delivered an address which set forth the significance of this great French Catholic review, and both the cardinal archbishop of Paris and the apostolic nuncio honored the occasion with their presence.

In all truth slightly more than a hundred years have passed since the Correspondant began to serve the cause of the Church and of civilization. "Civil and religious liberty for the whole world" was its first motto; and the program of its founders was "to unite the best qualified representatives of diverse political opinions on the common ground of Christian belief and liberty." To these maxims it has remained inflexibly loyal. The Correspondant is today the oldest of the reviews of general interest published in France. Its first number was issued on March 10, 1829—that is, near the close of the Restoration and on the eve of the revolution of 1830, when a great effort to promote a French Catholic renaissance was being put forth, but when the enemies of the Church were likewise trying hard to vilify Catholicism in the eyes of the people by associating it with a régime grown most unpopular and verging on dissolution. For 100 years since, a politico-religious battle has been in progress on the same terrain in France between adversaries and friends of the Church: the first seeking to weld it to the spirit of reaction in politics, sociology and scientific enterprise; the second attempting to reveal its intimate accord with a modern spirit cleansed of errors, and to prove that it can effect true progress in all the activities of life. One may say that in our time the friends of the Church are beginning to achieve victory in most parts of the field, and several recent actions that have characterized the pontificate of Pius XI are emblems of important advances; but the fight has often been bitter, and it is only just to pay homage to those who bore the brunt of the hard work.

I believe there were no better soldiers in the army struggling for the cause of God than those who enlisted under the banner of the Correspondant. To draw up a list of those who have written for it during the past century would be to cite almost all the names which have added lustre to French religion and letters during that period. From the very beginning the editorial staff had marshaled an élite of young Catholics destined for brilliant futures—Montalembert, de Vogüé, Augustin de Meaux, Berlioz, Edmond Wilson,

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Henri Gouraud among them. Occupying a middle ground between the timid who, under the pretext of prudence, hide the better half of their thought, and the violent who love to shout raucously without stopping to consider whether they are being understood, and who aim to confound the enemy rather than to enlighten and convert him, these generous youngsters defined the attitude they considered ideal and bequeathed it in solemn trust to their successors. "We love frankness and good faith. Lying and calumny we abhor. We are repelled by intrigue almost as much as by injustice. While we are indulgent to those who have gone astray, we shall not compromise with error."

During the whole of the nineteenth century, the history of the Correspondant is closely bound up with the history of the Church in France. Between 1830 and 1848, the period of the "monarchie de juillet," its editors fought for the liberty of education and the independence of the Church. Their articles were signed by illustrious names: Charles Lenormant (then editor-in-chief) Foisset, the friend and future biographer of Lacordaire, the historian Henri de Riancey, and Louis Veuillot, then beginning his career and bubbling over with talent. During the four years of the republic of 1848, they reaped the profits of their sincerely progressive politics; and under the leadership of eminent chiefs such as Comte de Falloux and Monsignor Dupanloup, they contributed more than did any other Catholic group to the conquest of educational liberty. Under the reign of Napoleon III who, for all his good intentions, too often compromised the Church both by his protection and by his unwarranted interferences, the editors of the Correspondant knew how to conserve their independence vis-à-vis the government, and how to gain the respect of public opinion for the excellence of their work. They recruited important new names—Lacordaire, the Duc de Broglie, Augustin Cochin, Gratry, Lacombe, Gaillard, Poujoulat, Armand de Pontmartin among them.

Thus a brilliant pléiade was grouped round the Comte de Montalembert, leader in whom enthusiasm and fervent eloquence were combined. Léopold de Gaillard was now editor-in-chief, but would eventually be succeeded by Léon Lavedan, the father of the present world-famous Academician.

It was under the direction of Léon Lavedan that the Correspondant was able (if one be permitted the use of such phrasing) to add to its great moral success the complement of material prosperity and to enter definitely upon the enjoyment of its reputation as an important review flourishing in every sense of the word. The number of subscribers increased steadily, and the magazine absorbed several other publications which had enjoyed their own periods of fame—the Revue de France and le Quinzaine, the second of which had been edited by Georges Fonsegrive. This good fortune was maintained under the two most recent editors, despite the difficulties incident to the war period. Etienne Lamy became a member of the Academy. Edouard Trogan, who as a young man was secretary to the Comte de Falloux, has directed the progress of the Correspondant since 1910. His department, which appears every fortnight under the title of Regards sur la Vie, has made his pseudonym of Joubert familiar to all students of ideas and of international policy. His immediate assistants are Maurice Brilliant and the Comte de Luppé.

Quite naturally these directors grouped round themselves the élite of French Catholic writers. Among those who are now deceased we may mention Thureau-Dangin, perpetual secretary of the French Academy and author of a definitive history of the Catholic renaissance in England; Cardinal Perraud; Cardinal Mathieu; Monsignor d'Hulst, once rector of the Institut Catholique; Albert de Lapparent, perpetual secretary of the Académie des Sciences; Alfred de Mun, famous social reformer; Ferdinand Bruntière; Imbart de la Tour, historian; Maurice Barrès; Charles Peguy; Père Didon; Monsignor Louis Batiffol, student of early Christian history. Among those now living I shall mention only a few. First the Academicians—Bazin, Brémond, Doumic, Bordeaux, de la Gorce, Goyau, de Nolhac. Then the laymen who have figured prominently in the contemporary reëstablishment of French Catholic letters—Francis Jammes, Prince Sixte de Bourbon, Fortunat Strowski, Maurice Denis, Jean Brunhes, Henri Ghéon, André Bellessort, Firmin Roz, Max Turmann, Paul Claudel and many others.

Since I cannot review here even the most important papers which the Correspondant has published, it may be well to stress the fact that no French review has paid so much attention to the life and activity of the United States. Readers will pardon me for recalling that my own three books of travel—Au Pays de la Vie Intense, l'Amérique de Demain, and En Amérique à la Fin de la Guerre—were published almost entirely in the Correspondant. Then there were the much more important papers which the Vicomte de Meaux contributed regularly, beginning with an article on Catholics in the United States (1890). More recently there were two articles on Father Isaac Hecker, by the Comte de Chabrol, which appeared during 1897. Today American life is discussed regularly in the Correspondant by Georges Lechartier and Bernard Faÿ.

Doubtless this interest in the United States harmonizes well with the numerous services which the Correspondant has rendered during a century to the cause of religion by showing, in a particular way, its accord with political liberty, with true progress, with sane democracy. It has done more than any other French journal to make known and understood the present prosperity and the future opportunities of the Church in the new world. Nothing is better calculated than its example to keep alive in us the courage, the confidence and the pride one may well feel in belonging to a Church which, after twenty centuries, constantly reveals itself young, supple, able to apply its unchanging principles to the newest of human circumstances.

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YONDER LIE THE YESTERYEARS

By THOMAS HEALY

The centenary of Emancipation means, declares Mr. Healy, that some handicaps have long since been removed from the spirit of the Irish people. Other things, however, remain to be done: "Emancipation is a process still evolving, and there is much yet to be redeemed." We wish to say that the following paper is based to a considerable extent upon first-hand information gathered by the writer during the course of several trips abroad. It seems to us to present a topic which may be considered well worth discussion from many and varied points of view.—The Editors.

WHILE the coming centenary of Catholic emancipation points to a future full of promise for Ireland, it is only in retrospect that the significance of such a spectacle can be fully realized. Catholic Emancipation is still a majestic movement. It can be considered an accomplished fact only if we exclude those disabilities, or the effects of them if you will, which are still strangely foisted on the Catholic body in the educational, civil and business realms. The legal is but one form of emancipation; and if the marks of the penal laws are struck from the statutes, they will remain to sear the soul. There are wounds a nation may not heal in the short span of a century, when those wounds have been opened for hundreds of years.

Ireland is very dear to the world. Who is not moved at the thought of what she has suffered for a faith never forsworn, or not inspired with the lesson of a loyalty never lost? When we think of what her constancy cost her, our hearts go out to her with love and sympathy. She has been the cockpit of Catholicism arrayed against every force of oppression, the proving-ground where that faith received the supreme test. For there has been no martyrdom like Ireland's. The Roman persecutions by comparison look like the work of imperial thugs, crude Caesars who beside the cunning Cromwells seem the veriest amateurs. The persecution of Ireland was more than brutal; it was adroit. Therein lay its deadliness; and what in the ways of 1,500 years men had come to know were the best weapons to crush a people's faith were employed against her. With Henry VIII, the arts of persecution had advanced appreciably since the days when they threw martyrs to the lions for a Roman holiday. Moreover, there were no London holidays.

O'Connell may justly be called the Father of Emancipation; but while many Irish people praise him for what he did, many are more apt to denounce him for what he left undone, and the fruits of his omission are still felt in the triumph of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland today, a most incongruous phenomenon. One wonders how history will write of him who recognized the ascendancy, though this shortcoming may be traced to his toady worship of the crown. But he was a great man, and perhaps his victory was sufficient in that he united the nation and gave new life and leadership to a prostrate people; he roared the magic phrase for those whose words were whispers, until George IV was forced in tears to sign the act, and even then only at the reluctant instigation of another Irishman, Wellington.

Emancipation was long overdue, and had it not been for the infamous Veto proposals, which had for their object the chaining of the Church to the civil power and which arrayed the Irish against the English Catholics, it would have come at least fifteen years sooner. With ten of their bishops giving ground under duress in 1798 to this new impertinence, credit must be given to the Irish laymen in that they stood fast and held no illusions about this subject. Their victory came when Pius VII, to the disgrace of those who had advised him, revoked his own rescript which had approved the Veto for the Irish people, and by his redecision forever destroyed the possibility of Catholic submission to Protestant civil authority in religious matters. The stand of the Irish Catholic lay body was here superb, and for this among other things English Catholics are coming now to be more grateful to their Irish coreligionists. The English people in general are more grateful; and I would not accuse him of excessive reflection who would rush to qualify the remark of a young Protestant English schoolboy, when in a competitive essay recently on the topic of emancipation he wrote, "If they had not made a stand, I can tell you frankly we would not be as free as we are now."

Emancipation is a process still evolving, and there is much yet to be redeemed. Numerically, Ireland is, of course, a foremost Catholic nation; she is so organized. Churches dot the land, there are priests aplenty, and every convenience exists to foster the inner spiritual life. Perhaps she has succeeded here a little too well. I do not mean to be offensive in recalling a cynic's recent remark to the effect that even if a Major O'Neal Segrave had not captured for Ireland the world's motor-car record, the country would still have the consolation of retaining the world's champion sodality at Limerick. Ah yes, Holy Ireland! Who has not heard the phrase! Would that the rest of the world were as holy, but it is a holiness of the heart without that inspiration of the intellect which comes from closer acquaintance with the finer phases and higher tenets of the Faith, and which makes for a nation's full contribution to the content of Catholic thought and culture. Ah, to hear again on a Munster hillside the peasant telling the Hail Mary in the pure words of his native Gaelic: "Shae dhu vaha, a Muire" —what an inspiration! Yet this is not the only measure of a nation's faith or its service to humanity.

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Of what ultimate avail are any societies if they do not foster a desire for a finer spiritual culture! I might make myself clearer by urging similar criticism against certain American clubs whose ideal actually lies in a sociability that receives much of its character from the poolrooms. And certainly in the accustomed, well-worn rounds one may look too often in vain for that inspiration to go forth into the highways and the by-ways of the Faith, moved by the spirit which seems to be the charm of the true Catholic gentleman and the fount of all the graces. Only too easily do we subscribe to the outward forms of going to church, attending meetings, promoting parish rivalries, paying funds, all in a rote ruinous to that inward grace coming from the sense of deep faith, and for whose lack all the preposterous profusion of spiritual verse in our club and sodality magazines may not atone. And some of our youth have turned away with hunger in their hearts.

There is a clue here to the trouble with many Irish Catholics, at home and abroad, if one may be allowed to make such an observation about his own people. The piety of many seems to be of an unprotected kind, and not unalloyed with an unintelligent deference to the higher culture of the Catholic Church, which, vulgarly speaking, is a hangover of the penal days; and all the more tragic among a people so uniquely gifted. Witness the drastic clauses of the current censorship bill now before the Dail, which, however, Ireland needs not only for morality's sake but for that of her nationality as well, and which the hierarchy supports though the government seems to be interested in it only from the point of political expediency.

Another and sadder reminder of the penal days is seen in the recent census figures which all too eloquently reveal the proscription still practised against Catholics by the privileged heritors of a social and economic supremacy. In a country 92 percent Catholic, there are fully five times as many non-Catholics as Catholics as officers in banking, insurance, civil service, government offices, shipping, railroads, etc., and fully three times as many in the professions. On the other hand, bank porters, for example, are preponderantly Catholic, according to the old law that Catholics are the hewers of wood and drawers of water.

Ireland has been beaten for centuries with the result that the flowers of her national and Catholic genius have well-nigh faded away. Bowed down amid the dust and the tears, she held jealously to her heart the faith that had now, one might say, become a part of her very nationality. She saved her faith, no more—and what a miracle for angels and men! But she had lost meanwhile her old sense of it, she had lost the broad sweep and the vision splendid of a faith never dimmed nor made common by sordid circumstances. She walks yet in the lowlands of that faith, and only now is she beginning to thirst for the white streams of the mountains and the endless horizons of that vast kingdom called the Catholic Church.

Ireland had been so persecuted that Catholicism and suffering had come in the people's minds, if not synonymous, at least to be very closely related—a servile state best summed up in what seemed to have been a generally accepted adage to the effect that "persecution is good for the Church," and doubtless first circulated by some kind but simple Samaritan as a sop of consolation and a partial explanation of the crimes and follies of men. The writer remembers it as one of the first popular proverbs he learned, unhappily at a time when he had very little curiosity about major premises. Indeed, priests and people proffered it everywhere. Now a phrase may sum up a state of mind, even a national state of mind, and a phrase may become embedded in the consciousness of a people until it becomes the final refuge for lazy minds and lazy souls. It has happened in Ireland; people have caught at that phrase as a drowning man clutches a straw, and some have grasped at it ever since. What a dangerous conclusion, how false, how evasive, and in its full connotation how destructive of right thinking! Thank heaven, you cannot fool a people with a false phrase all the time!

Ireland needs a new judgment. Some doubt whether religiously, intellectually or ethically she is yet fully equipped and conditioned to the times we live in. She must in this day and age be prepared to defend her faith against forces perhaps far more perilous than persecution, or at least than those old forms of it that still remain to trouble her not too tender memory. Indeed, in every land live Catholics who seem to suffer from delusions of persecution; it is their natural state of equilibrium. Sunt lacrimae rerum: the least criticism conjures up frightful things, and they are the ones who must go forth to fight the sinister shadows unarmed save for a chip on the shoulder and in all the base attitude of belligerency. Happily they belong to an era which is passing, and which was all too amusing to that class of people who used the term "Roman Catholic" in the disparaging sense it once connoted; and the vulgar form of defending one's faith with one's fist, supplemented with much rowdy rhetoric, is today outmoded.

Ireland is awakening. In the joyous scenes in June, blind is he who does not see the return of that vision so long dimmed under persecution by another power. Her ancient and proud nationhood did not spring from its mystical origins thus to die; and she is not bred of mortal things. To us, her children, Ireland means today not only what her dear dead have died for, but also what her living must labor for. And it is our wish that she should be left alone, to hold counsel with her own heart and take the time to rebuild herself anew, no easy task in the light of what she has endured. May God grant her peace, that the world may again be heartened with her laughing courage as she goes forth to meet the new challenge of her destiny! Yonder lie her yesteryears; now Ireland faces the future.

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THE OPINIONS OF ERIC GILL

By NELSON COLLINS

WHEN, some years ago, the second Christmas number of The Commonweal appeared, there were striking small illustrations by Mr. Eric Gill scattered all through it. Mr. Henry Longan Stuart had an article on Mr. Gill also, opening with a complaint that he could find only one reference in all the journalistic files of the United States to Mr. Gill and his work, and that solitary reference a mere statement of fact about him. Though Eric Gill has grown steadily since then in varied pictorial achievement, in significance and clarity of purpose and in fame in England, there still seems to be little technical or general or specifically Catholic concern with him over here.

Mr. Stuart himself, so it seems to me, in that enterprising account stressed Eric Gill's social attitudes, certain William-Morris-like condemnations and communal craft livings, a hatred of stockbrokers, a repudiation of machines. To the present-day point of view, that is the third and least of the grounds for paying close attention to Eric Gill. His greatest eminence is in the graphic arts—carving, etching, wood-cutting, monumental stones, granite letterings, copper-plate work, loving and cunning work in the blocks. And lately he has turned author. He elaborates a religious-aesthetic doctrine headed in the other direction from the aesthetic-religious doctrine of William Morris, away from the "Religion of Beauty" group that F. W. H. Myers commemorated in an essay with that title. His sense of beauty is not an alternative, a sense of escape from dogmatic religion, but an immersion in it.

In 1927 he wrote two books, Christianity and Art, and Art and Love. Only 200 copies of each were published, and they are already items in the sought-for-and-hard-to-find list. In 1928—belatedly, one may be led to think, considering the other two—he did a book called Prudence and Art. The aesthetic ideas he elaborates are novel rather in the way he distributes his emphasis than in the groundwork of his conception. The relation to religion, the emergence from religion, for all art is done with a modern artist's independence; and in religion his declarations, particularly in Love and Art, of purely Catholic meanings will surely cause discussion, possibly excitement, some pause, certainly entertainment, among theologians open to the idea that an active artist may possibly have reliable slants into the very centre of Catholic religious inspiration, quite in the same way as theologians have assumed credentials, time out of mind, for entering the arcana of the arts.

I wonder sometimes if, when the general interest comes—as it has to come—it will come by way of scandalized excitement, as did the interest in Mr. Cabell and Mr. Joyce. Where I am writing at the moment—in Portland, Oregon—both Jurgen and Ulysses are in the public library, even though police taboo has only lately been withdrawn from the one and still formally exists for the other. Yet I cannot believe the art room of the public library of Portland, or any other broad-minded library, will soon be willing to offer Mr. Gill's etchings and woodcuts in toto. Reasonable hope might anticipate straight, undistracted, aesthetic acceptance for all his work from the outset. (It is harder to anticipate undistracted initial Catholic acceptance of all his theories.) But it would be a sheer pose of aesthetic immaculacy to overlook a certain surreptitiousness that has already attached to some of Mr. Gill's work, even though not—certainly not—to his fame. So it is easily an open bet whether his recognitions will come first on purely aesthetic grounds. It is another open bet whether scandalized comment—if scandalized comment there be—will start from a Catholic source, as, "How could I expect this within the Church itself?" or from a non-Catholic source, even an anti-Catholic source, as, "So this, so this, is what comes to us out of the Church itself!" Mr. Gill himself departs so readily from the confines of the arts to attack pretty nearly all current civilization, and many errancies of Catholic procedure, that neither he nor we need anticipate only stripped artistic estimate of him and all his works.

Meantime, one buys his etchings, his woodcuts, contemplates his works in granite, prays before his images, seeks out the books he illustrates, expensive as they all are, finds the little books he even writes, with no "imprimatur" upon them but with all the circumstances otherwise of Catholic publication. For this literary slant upon him not only are there the three little positive books, but much of Mr. Gill's graphic work has been done to illustrate books, the Troilus and Cressida, the Procreant Hymn, The Canticle of Canticles, and now the great new edition of The Canterbury Tales, to come out year after year for eight years, commencing with the autumn of 1928, one volume each year—the greatest thing of its kind since William Morris, certainly since Aubrey Beardsley.

Erotic esotericism or esoteric eroticism? There is (of course) a whole world of difference. Mere review of Mr. Gill's combined aesthetic and Catholic standpoints—or standpoint, one really should say, the two are so fused—is more to the present point than any criticism of them, exaltative or depreciatory.

Mr. R. A. Walker, in the Print Collector's Quarterly for April, 1928, says in his article on Mr. Gill:

> The art of Eric Gill, then, is a religious art; but then to this artist religion is the origin of art and it is doubtful if he could believe in any art that was not in some way governed, guided and generically descended

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> from a religious belief. He definitely believes religion, love, art to be inseparable. To him they are a trio who cannot be divided. They are conjoint and coördinating. There is for Eric Gill the one supreme Being, God, Who is love, and art is only love made manifest by a craftsman. . . . The figure of man is therefore seldom absent from his designs, and his interest in the animal world and in what is known usually as nature, calls forth in him less desire to represent them. It accounts also in part for the marvelous acumen and grace with which he can cut out the female figure from a small piece of wood. This figure which is really symbolic, is the maker of man. It is the factory of God for the making of His own image. It is in fact the great competitor and the sworn enemy of the word factory and all that it signifies. . . . It is then logical that it must be the human figure which is to him the chief expression of his art. . . . It is now, one hopes, easy to see that it is logical for the artist to give himself complete latitude in content once the premises are accepted. At all events many of his woodcuts, published and unpublished, show a freedom which to some is refreshing, to others, maybe, shocking. . . . A Gothic gargoyle, a Hindu corbel or a Buddhist capital were neither religious nor irreligious; they formed a material part of a large spiritual conception, and that is exactly how much of Gill's work should be regarded by the intelligent connoisseur.

(Which last invites the comment that surely Mr. Gill would never agree to Mr. Walker's comment on "a Gothic gargoyle, etc." being "neither religious nor irreligious," because Mr. Gill makes utmost freedom in material the very centre of his emphasis upon the adjective in Catholic aesthetic.)

There can be no more direct access to the informing spirit of this looming graphic artist than by his own considered arguments and assertions, given when he is forty-five years old. He is a "Southern English Catholic," a tertiary of the Order of Saint Dominic, the substance of his books first appeared in the magazine Blackfriars, and "from 1901 he began to make a name for himself, a name which is now supreme in England, as an inscription cutter." The great war memorial in New College, Oxford, is his triumph that way. He has had intimate connection with several great modern presses, Count Kessler's, the Saint Dominic's Press at Ditchling, the Golden Cockerel Press, and it is the Shakespeare's Head Press that is issuing his Chaucer.

It is beside the point to allude to Plato and The Symposium when quoting Eric Gill. The relationship is obvious, and yet the influence is not so great as the open relationship might seem to establish.

> We wish to deal with those particular works of art in which love is the theme, the subject-matter, the material form as well as the immaterial form and raison d'être. For all works of art have love for their reason of being but not all have love for their bodily theme.

That is Platonic enough in direct take-over, yet love Christianized, Catholicized, is so the essence of Eric Gill's aesthetic that its undifferentiated resemblance to the pagan philosophy is almost meaningless compared with the Catholic distinction that he makes:

> No one should be satisfied with the definition of art that it is simply skill, or that it is skill in the imitation of nature, or that it is the expression of emotion, or even that it is the expression of the workmen's sense of beauty, though art may include all these things. . . .
>
> From the Canticle of Canticles to Saint Bernard and Saint John of the Cross, from Saint Teresa of Avila to Saint Thérèse of Lisieux, the theme of love has never been without vivid and unveiled expression. . . . In all cases, however unconsciously and with whatever accompaniment of philosophical error and uncouth theology, God has been worshiped as the Lover, the Fount of love, Love itself.

He then in a notable passage—all this is from his book, Art and Love—builds up the isolated Christian character of his aesthetic doctrine:

> It is easily seen, then, that as non-Christian peoples everywhere have naturally set up sexual symbols of Divine Love, not knowing Christ, so Christians, as naturally and often as thoughtlessly and with as little misgiving, have set up everywhere the Crucifix and the Madonna. These are the Christian love tokens. Again let us not be misunderstood. We are not seeking, as do many students of religion, to reduce Christian imagery to the level of non-Christian idolatries; we are not trying to discover in Christian imagery a hidden idolatry. On the contrary, our concern is to show that non-Christian religions, inasmuch as they proclaim that love is the central fact of the universe, proclaim truth; that Christianity has not obliterated that truth but given it divine sanction. . . . Therefore the love song and the love picture which takes human love as the symbol of Divine Love are everywhere recurrent and such love, so taken, is still rightly the theme of themes for poets and picture-makers. None the less the Crucifix and the Madonna transcend all such symbolic things. The image is mightier than the symbol. Even the Song of Solomon in all its glory is but a pale ghost before the divine Lily of Calvary. The Canticle of Canticles is but a symbolic poem; the Christ of Calvary is a historic fact. Even the hymn of Mary, the Magnificat, is but a faint reflection of her own acceptance of the Divine Will.

His Catholic and personal declarations against the aesthetic tendencies of the times remind a reader often enough of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's current comments. Mr. Brooks said recently:

> Our ancestral faith in the individual and in what he is able to accomplish as the measure of all things has despoiled us of that instinctive human reverence for those reservoirs of collective experience, religion, science, art, philosophy, the self-subordinating service of which is almost the measure of the highest happiness.

It is one of a hundred such current statements. Eric Gill Catholicizes it:

> Only those who are themselves Catholics can, as a rule, appreciate the contribution made by the Catholic Church to the art of the world, and even they only

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> partially. And in these days appreciation is necessarily rare even among the faithful, for the whole modern world, enamored of materialism and individualism, has divorced itself from Catholic faith and morals and has, therefore lost the habit of mind necessary for the understanding and appreciation of an art essentially both spiritual and sensible and also anonymous, and in its love of anecdotal sentimentality sees no beauty in the epic and intellectual art of the Church.

It is interesting "in these days" to see so insistent a personality so communal; so assertive a person merging himself to the enrichment and not the impoverishment of his personality. It is the second most Catholic thing about him. Although he seems so individual in his Catholicism and in his practice of his craft, and although he seems to accept intuitive, impressionistic, individualized modes of experience, yet he turns in total rejection from uniquely individualized experience, in nothing being more Catholic.

Mr. Gill's preoccupation with human beings rather than with external nature, and his preoccupation with them as male and female, thus aestheticized and Catholicized, is again expressed by him briefly in his very special argument of a point of view as artist:

> Only where the non-photographic, the conventional, the symbolic, the hieratic, is regarded as being the proper nature of artistic work and all else is regarded as indecency, tour de force or triviality, only there can you have the representation of marriage either holily or tolerably executed. Such conditions do not exist in England today; . . . have already departed from India.

The three books he has written and his present sum of accomplishment in the graphic arts seem to me extraordinarily interesting, and I do not find that American Catholics talk much about him as a Catholic exponent of the arts of the day or as an exponent of Catholicism in the arts of the day. Probably many English Catholics know him only as the designer of the Stations of the Cross in Westminster Cathedral. Aside from his very emphatic, perhaps over-emphatic, declarations of Catholicism, his literary and aesthetic and philosophical and religious declarations are significant whether you emphasize Gill the theorist as inheritor or innovator. I have a feeling that he himself would find congruous conclusion to this random account of him in such a paragraph of his own as this:

> . . . While the sentimental is everywhere applauded, the sensual is a source of panic. The divine background has disappeared and the modern world fondly imagines that it has removed the veil with which a more superstitious generation shrouded reality, whereas, actually, it has simply blinded itself to the reality of which material life is the veil. Such is the state of dispiritedness in which we now find ourselves. Such is the soil in which forlorn painters and poets must plant their seedlings. Woe to them if the nakedness with which they clothe their meaning be anything but sentimental. But woe more deep if indeed they have no meaning, if they also know neither God nor gods.

DORA

By ANDREW G. HALEY

THE United States cannot claim a monopoly on the issue of prohibition in its national elections. Recent events would indicate that England can boast of a fair-sized prohibition question which may play a rather important part in the forthcoming general election. England's problem is not to decide a clear-cut issue of wetness or dryness. The solution of her difficulty is much more involved. It centers around the principle and progeny of the Defense of the Realm Act. This measure and similar legislation have been dubbed "Dora" by the British press, and are caricatured as a severe-looking old woman, dressed in black, with a very long finger raised in admonishment.

A brief history of the subject will serve to shed light on the current situation. Dora really is a patronymic. During the great war various regulations were promulgated pursuant to the Defense of the Realm Act. These regulations together with later enactments have since uniformly been called Dora. They are directly concerned with limiting the business hours of shops and with curbing the sale of alcoholic refreshments by closing hour laws. It is claimed they are also indirectly connected with an effort to render betting and gambling illegal.

The original D. O. R. A. war regulations, advanced for the purpose of economizing coal and light, were not suspended when hostilities ceased, but were continued in effect from year to year. Proponents of Dora maintain that this was done because the regulations had been found to benefit a hitherto unhappy section of the population—the assistants in those shops rating a classification between the great stores which would close before evening in any event, and the one-man shops which remain open indefinitely to get the scattered ends of trade. Opponents counter with the statement that Dora is properly a wartime measure, and that public officers, desiring to keep the power it gave them, have continued it in effect until it has almost become an institution.

Interest concerning it steadily became more active. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary, appointed a committee to examine the question. This resulted in the introduction by Sir Park Goff of the Shops Hours bill into the House of Commons on March 9, 1928. The bill as passed simply sets forth certain hours at which certain shops must be closed throughout the country, and repeals obsolete rules bearing on the subject. At the time of passage most of the debate centered around a clause providing that

> any shop may be kept open during the general closing hours if no person other than the owner of the shop is employed or engaged in or about the business of the shop during these hours.

Labor members, especially those interested in the Shop

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Assistants' Union, hotly attacked this clause, and with the aid of Joynson-Hicks succeeded in defeating it. As a result the proprietor of the one-man shop is the chief sufferer.

Various anomalies have resulted from the enforcement of Dora. In a combined tobacco and candy store the sale of tobacco must cease at eight o'clock in the evening while candy may be purveyed until half-past nine. But the prospective buyer of tobacco can step into a licensed public house and purchase both tobacco and drinks until ten o'clock. The proprietor of a small general store in Liverpool was fined recently for allowing a customer to call at night for a bundle of firewood purchased during the day. While a newsboy is selling evening papers on the street, the owner of a candy store may not sell a paper in his shop after eight o'clock. The tobacconist, who is forced to shut down at eight o'clock, may affix an automatic vendor of cigarettes to the outside of his door where the cigarettes may be purchased. These are only a few of the anomalies resulting from Dora. The British press takes a lively interest in them.

Various English periodicals have given considerable space to agitation calling for the repeal of Dora. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, the official charged with enforcing the provisions of Dora has added pitch to the fire of opposition during the past few months. He has been named "Jix" by opponents, and under this label enjoys a popularity somewhat analogous to that accorded various reformers in the recent history of this country.

During the first part of the year the Home Secretary made the mistake of saying that "actually very little is left now" of Dora. This called for a broadside from the anti-Dora press and political leaders. Manifest absurdities of the law were paraded, and instances of fines imposed on small shopkeepers were cited as indications of its oppressive features. A police bribery case involving one Sergeant Goddard evoked the opinion that Dora would in time do much to corrupt the law-enforcing bodies. A woman writer went so far as to state that if Dora is not soon repealed London, like Chicago, may see machine guns in the streets.

In a speech at the Oxford Luncheon Club, the Home Secretary created further interest by stating:

> Now, about Dora! Not twenty candidates at the general election will pledge themselves to repeal Dora, so what is the good of making my life a burden and throwing brickbats at me?

His statement concerning the twenty candidates was challenged. A prominent weekly magazine declared editorially that the people will sit in judgment, and that in the coming summer Jix may be eclipsed.

Joynson-Hicks got into further difficulties with sections of the press when he recently said:

> I say quite frankly that you have got to realize that the old days of the right of every man to do as he likes with his own are a relic of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and will not work in the twentieth.

This is highly reminiscent of similar statements made by William Gibbs McAdoo two years ago before the Institute of Public Affairs at the University of Virginia, when he was discussing prohibition.

The Home Secretary's fiat was staunchly upheld by Lord Birkenhead, but was vigorously attacked in other quarters. Some assailed it as a neat statement of bureaucratic tyranny, others inferred that it is directly contrary to those principles of liberty which the British people prize so highly.

In any event it is patent that a considerable portion of the British public resent Dora. They feel it is a reversion to the Conqueror's curfew law. Some of them are endeavoring to make its repeal an issue at the general election, and they label it Jixism as we would talk of Volsteadism. Others question the advisability of making it a dominant issue of discussion at the present moment. There are many interesting points of analogy between the battle over Dora and our experiences with prohibition during the last campaign.

THE FUNERAL OF FOCH

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

HERE is the evening paper. It gives the order of procession from Notre Dame to the Invalides where tonight Marshal Foch lies beside Vauban who fortified France until it was impregnable and Napoleon who expanded it like a balloon until it burst. Here is the order of march and I read it because one always reads in the paper the description of what one has seen. First the muted bugles of the Republican Guard, then artillery, then infantry, then the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris walking robed through his city for the first time since 1870, then the gun carriage with its burden—General Pershing at one side—then the Prince of Wales, Prince Charles of Belgium, the ex-service men, the ambassadors—poor Mr. Herrick among them—the French Academy. The paper tells how the procession left Notre Dame, reached the Concorde by the street of the victory of Rivoli, faced for a moment as if to salute the great reach of the Champs Elysées with the unknown soldier beneath the triumphant arch at the end of it—then turned to the river, a bridge, and came to the open space before the tomb. For everyone who saw it this picture was blurred by emotion, and the newspapers have told the story as well as anyone could have done. Perhaps, now, some commentary is possible.

The French troops marched by very well. The Coldstream Guards with rifles reversed passed with a dignity that silenced a silent crowd. If a Communist machine gun had been turned on them, these British would have died without breaking step, without looking to see where the gun was. The crowd knew it. Later on we compared them to other troops. Germans would not have broken a step which may seem stiff to us, but their police along the lines would have silenced the gun. The French would have broken step: they would have taken cover: and by a violent military improvisation of prudence, experience and daring, they would have killed the machine-gun crew and restored whatever their temper chose to call order. It is a quality that puzzles the British as not being fair play—an

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aptitude that astounds the Germans because it can never be taught. By it the French have saved their country a hundred times.

It is obvious that we have not the unity of the French nation and this causes our improvisation to be less dramatic, less effective and less immediate. In 1917 our endless resources allowed waste in every direction, but it is possible that when our population becomes adjusted to its wealth we will not allow any waste at all. Waste is not always hideous. Sometimes it means the bravery and reckless expenditure of the Argonne. We are a brave nation and it is perhaps fortunate for the world that we are not a military nation. The Paris Post of the American Legion marched by as individuals keeping step and not as a platoon made up of individuals.

In the sincerity and strain of that long procession the only relief was the passage of the members of the French Academy. There were old men among the members of the bar and they kept line. The wounded ex-service men kept line. The many priests among them kept line except for one who had lost a leg at the hip and, who, starting at the head of the procession, lost ground until he finished at the end of it. But the Academicians straggled anyway at all—in little groups or one by introspective one. It was perhaps the most glowing refutation of the theory that the Academy has leveled all talents into a regiment of mediocrity. They are irreducible individualists.

I must be frank in what I send The Commonweal. All of us along that long line of the procession saluted the dead body because in Europe the tradition of the Catholic faith has held and will hold. We saluted the body because it had been the habitation of a soul, and because Catholics can never forget the dignity of the body just as they may never forget the soul. As we waited for the procession, the funeral of a poor man—a hearse with four or five people behind it—crossed the lines and every soldier presented arms and all heads were bared. But I must not turn a difficulty. We saluted with the deepest and most moved respect the remains of Marshal Foch, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies—the leader. That in a French, British, American crowd is plausible. But I go further.

In that crowd there were people who disapproved of the terms of the Versailles treaty, there were people who during the war wanted the Germans to win it—there were Germans in that crowd. And we all saluted the soldier. I say this because it is essential that we do not forget that after the priest comes the soldier—and then a long way after come the happy people of this world, and then the miserable people of this world, and then the artist. It is not for nothing that we are the Church Militant and that Rome uses the term "soldiers of Christ." In these days when the generous effort of every intelligence is directed to finding means for avoiding war, when every mind turns in horror against any possibility of a recurring war, we forget that war is one thing and that the selfless soldier is another. The Communist papers in Paris call every general a butcher. Catholics with the severe intelligence of their history must not leave the honor of arms to be defended by the Japanese and the Moslems.

Love's Weapon

Nor sword nor ridicule nor wasting days
In dark, unwholesome dungeons did he fear;
But like a beaten thing he crouched beneath
The gathered anguish of a woman's tear.

THOMAS E. BURKE.

COMMUNICATIONS

WHAT SHALL THE FAITHFUL SING?

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—I have read with much interest the article What Shall the Faithful Sing?, by Mr. Cuthbert Wright, in your issue of March 13.

I admit my inability to write a constructive comment on this article, because of my lack of knowledge of Catholic music. I unhesitatingly place myself in the category of those Catholics who, though appreciative of the beauty of the music sung in the Mass, know extremely little of the fundamental differences of music, especially when it is compared with the Gregorian. The article offered a suggestion to me rather than an urge to analytical comment. It appealed to me especially because I have long contended that Catholics do not sufficiently appreciate the Gregorian airs—do not place a correct value upon their inspiring qualities—do not pause to reason that, truly, they are used in the Mass, as Mr. Wright so well put it in his article, "to exalt the honor of the Church, and the arts of the Church, and above all the prostration of the human creature before the stupendous sacrament of Christ's love."

The rules of the Church which regulate choir masters in their choice of varied airs are not now within my pale of knowledge. I venture to say that the average layman cannot correctly define them. I must confess that I have been like thousands of laymen in that I have not been inclined to inquire with Mr. Wright as to What Shall the Faithful Sing?, but rather, I think, to put it tritely, What Was That Piece They Played? Like the average church-goer I often wonder just why certain music is played at given times, and also why some airs are often omitted over long intervals of time. I merely wonder, and let it go at that. This indifference, I suppose, springs from the layman's knowledge that the Church has adopted the Gregorian—but exactly why, and what this Gregorian is, as compared to other music, he cannot say. Like him I accept the mandate of the Church. Because I love Gregorian I think the mandate well and wise. Yes, I love it, its profound and civilizing airs, and I often think I would be dull indeed were I not to strain to catch the lingering melody in the Preface, or the soul-stirring air of the Pater Noster.

The suggestion, then, that Mr. Wright's article gives me is rather in the form of new courage to cry out: Let us help the laity to a clearer understanding of Catholic music! Let us help them to appreciate more fully the awful responsibility so nobly and judiciously shouldered by the Church through centuries—aiding here, and sifting there only at last to emerge as the rightfully accepted keeper of earth's vastest storehouse of divine melodies. Yes, when a more universal knowledge of the history and pure beauty of these melodies is realized, her reward shall have been paid—paid with the silver of more humble prayers before her sacred altars, and with the gold of a more obedient and reverent faithful!

What Shall the Faithful Sing? is a splendid article and certainly productive of thought. And who cannot guess that from such a question will come this definite answer: the emptiness of mere "Church music," and the golden fulness of Catholic music, whether it be that of Vespers or of the Mass? As certainly as our love grows for it, just as certainly will our reverence increase. Even at Low Mass, nothing could be more prayer-inspiring than the tender airs of "O Lord I am not worthy." I plead for music at the Low Masses—not singing, but selected melodies on the organ: this because the people need it, and I dare say, want it. Should we not—in this age

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wherein wizardry has so followed the footsteps of woe—now loudly exclaim: "O help us, Mother Church, lift our hearts from the mundane to the Divine!"

I am somewhat proud to say that I have talked so much about the beautiful airs in the Preface and the Pater Noster that a good many of my Protestant friends have requested me to take them to services in my parish church. And more than that: many became so interested in this music that they secured copies of the airs to be memorized and sung. Who knows but that its solemn chords may stir some soul to a cleaving desire for light that will more surely guide it to realms of the wondrous Seraphim?

To such splendid thinkers as Mr. Wright, as well as to those in charge of the archaeology of the Gregorian and other Church music, I say: Let us have more light! Herald the Church music that its richly-tinted and triumphant notes may ring, crystal-clear above the tin-pan symphonies of our time.

I have joyed in the thought that the widespread use of the victrola and radio has awakened in the hearts of men a deeper appreciation of music. And now, behold! The harsh clang-clang of a radioed voice from the showman's doors mingles with the staccato-like music from the merchant's gaudily dressed show windows. It seems that, truly, everywhere is the sound of music by day and by night. It is perplexing. It seems to match the quickened jazz-step of the rush-a-day world. It gives pep, they say . . . but to what good end?

However all this may be, my confidence in the ever-growing goodness of man is not shaken by his apparent acceptance of this harsh music. I am so hopeful that I venture to surmise that, because music is so thoroughly linked with our present-day mode of living, it is a splendid omen for the future. Did not trumpet sounds and angel songs herald the birth of Christ? Has not music preceded the grandest parades of all time? Shall we not now hope that this chaining of the ether waves to our firesides may prove the glad harbinger of the dawn of a higher civilization—of a nobler race of men?

I maintain that from the hand of modern magic will come still newer tunes and tones. Music will thrive and grow, almost as a necessity to the human heart in its struggle for new vistas of tomorrow. And, in no way can we more aptly lend the "mellowing" hand in this responsible and universally-spreading task, than by striving to bring about a clearer understanding of Catholic music. It is both a responsibility and a tremendous opportunity.

S. Twyman Mattingly.

Kent, Conn.

To the Editor:—May I have space to express my appreciation of the interesting comments appearing in your issue of April 3 on my article, What Shall the Faithful Sing? I take this opportunity also to apologize to my principal critic, Father Donovan, for dedicating to him an article so generally at variance with his views. At the time I was not so aware of our difference of opinion as I am after reading his eloquent letter in your columns, and can only plead, if it be an excuse, that the dedication was well meant.

Father Donovan misunderstands me if he supposes that when I wrote of musical fanatics "waging a sort of holy war to thrust Gregorian chant down everybody's throat," I was indulging in any personal suggestion. It would indeed have been a gratuitous impertinence on my part had I dedicated an article to a clergyman whom I admire only in order to label him a fanatic in the course of its pages. Had he quoted me to the end of the sentence he would have added "down everybody's throat in the form of a particular monastic technique." The reference is, of course, to the Solesmes method, and if I do not love the latter as fervently as Father Donovan, it is not my fault, though it may well be my deficiency.

Why, there is hardly a sentence in Father Donovan's letter in which I do not concur with the most absolute enthusiasm. First and foremost, I believe, with my critic, in "a true appreciation of the chant and its restoration to its proper place in the liturgy." In my article I tried to make clear the fact that the chant stands first, at least so far as I am concerned, that nothing can be compared with it as an aid to devotion. But I merely ask permission to call Father Donovan's attention to the following unhappy fact, and in doing so, I have no desire to offend anyone, nor to slip into the facile condemnations which I deplored in my article. One has got to consider, not one or two exemplary diocesan centres, not one or two religious communities, but the average service in country and town, existing to testify the glory of God and the presense of the Catholic Church in this land. And the fact is that the bulk of the music sung to the divine text which, as Father Busch reminds us, is an integral part of the liturgy, is a crying sin and a shame and a burning insult to Our Lord and a dishonor to His Church. There may be certain excuses for this condition of things, but there is no explaining it away.

In my opinion the problem is not in the least degree met, let alone solved, by prophesying fair things in the manner of the Catholic choir master, or by writing learned and interesting disquisitions on the method of singing plainchant in, say, the Monastery of Saint Gall circa 900 A. D. But the problem could be pretty practically alleviated by having one competent musical director per diocese, one parochial school per parish and, perhaps five or six organists with a good deal of piety and some musical education per municipality. If we have *got* to have unliturgical music in our churches (and I suppose Father Donovan would not deny that this is the case at present) then I think it better that it should be fair rather than downright infamous—which is also the general case at the moment. In other words, when most of us have to swallow Masses and motets which sound as if they were sold by the gross to visiting organists over the counter of Woolworth's, side by side with Victor records and chocolates, then I think it unreasonable on Father Donovan's part to strain at the gnat of a Gounod or a Rheinberger.

Last of all, I think there is a certain inconsistency in those who condemn modern Church music almost en masse, but approve of classical polyphony because the latter is rather explicitly approved in the Motu Proprio. Last Good Friday, for example, I went to the Office of Tenebrae, very nobly chanted in the same metropolitan parish extolled in my article. The Ninety-first Psalm, popularly called the Miserere, was by Allegri, a sixteenth-century Italian contrapuntalist. Well, I can assure the reader that the Allegri setting was intricate; it was sensuous; it was strongly directed to the nervous system; it was, in short all that which Father Donovan seemingly abhors in sacred music; and by the same token it was profoundly solemn, moving, and I may say, exquisite. What is the answer to these riddles? Why should the date of a musician's birth determine his fitness to be sung in the sanctuary? But I have no desire to cavil at a criticism which, on the whole, I comprehend and respect. Our principal difference seems to be that while Father Donovan prefers to half a loaf no bread at all, I prefer the half a loaf to something which is simply too repulsive to be termed even a mess of pottage.

Cuthbert Wright.

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Washington, D .C.

TO the Editor:—In referring to What Shall the Faithful Sing?, Mr. Frank D'Orange tells us in The Commonweal of April 3, 1929, that "the ritual of Holy Mass is the same all over the world." Surely this is an over-statement. Upon wider investigation, I think Mr. D'Orange will certainly find that there are Catholic churches in which the Holy Sacrifice is offered according to the rites of Constantinople, Milan, Toledo, Antioch, Alexandria, Edessa, Armenia, and the various Dominican, Carthusian and Carmelite religious communities. Details of rite are not essentials of Catholicism. What does unite all genuine Catholics is neither ritual nor liturgical language but three things: subjection to the papal hierarchy, acceptance of the Vatican Creed, and possession of the seven divinely-instituted sacraments. Of course it is true that the essential elements of the Holy Sacrifice are the Offertory, Consecration and Communion, and that these parts are fundamentally the same in every orthodox liturgy; but, to affirm that the Roman Mass is Catholicism and that Catholicism is the Roman rite is as far from fact as is the glib thesis that "Europe is the Faith and the Faith is Europe."

If, according to the words of Pius X of holy memory, "the more closely an ecclesiastical composition approaches in its movement, inspiration and taste the Gregorian form, the more sacred and liturgical it becomes, and the more out of accord it is with this supreme model, the less worthy it is of the temple," must we not conclude that the only musical texts worthy of use in Roman Catholic churches are those built according to the authentic or plagal modes of Greco-Roman plainsong? Thus Palestrina would be included; Missa de Angelis ruled out.

With regard to Mr. Cuthbert Wright's attitude toward the "regula of Solesmes": since the monks of Solesmes have not only the most scientific and greatest quantity of paleographical source-material but exclusive ecclesiastical authority in the preparation of Roman rite music books, as well, I fail to see how a really Roman Catholic can preach the brand of musical "catholicism" that approves the corrupt texts of Ratisbon or the profanities of Charles François Gounod. If we western Catholics know what is best for our everlasting good, we shall do our utmost, positively and negatively, to realize the ideal so well set forth by the two Popes Pius but, alas, still so very inadequately grasped or practised in American Roman Catholic seminaries, cathedrals and parish churches. Love for plainsong and polyphony will find a way. We cannot love the church music of the Roman rite until we understand its principles. Mr. Wright must know very little, indeed, of plainsong paleography or sound aesthetics, if, with seriousness, he can couple Ratisbon and Solesmes, Gounod with Palestrina.

D. GRAY.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—One cannot refrain from expressing delight in Father V. C. Donovan's letter in The Commonweal of April 3. I wondered greatly at Mr. Wright's hardihood in dedicating his astonishing paper to one who has given his best efforts to a spread of the use of the holy chant.

Mr. Wright's article is of use, if only to show up just how slowly progress is being made in obeying the directions set forth in the Motu Proprio. Twenty-five years, and the reform is barely begun in this land! Let us be honest with ourselves, and with each other. We know, if we are able to read, that plainchant is the norm. We know that the Benedictines know what plainchant is, and how it should be sung and taught. Why, then, sneer, as Mr. Wright was permitted, covertly, to do in your pages, at Solesmes? And why the pointless aside as to what Anglicans were or were not doing in the matter? Feeling and liking have little to do with the matter. Let us obey the law of the Church in a spirit of self-discipline, if no better reason be at hand. Perhaps we shall learn to appreciate the chant if we bear with it long enough. Perhaps, in the meantime, others more in tune with the mind of the Church will have had a chance to learn and love it.

Plainchant came first in time, then polyphony. Let us teach the little ones in school and church, nothing but plainchant, as far as Church music goes. Their children can go on to polyphony. Modern "music" can thus be shelved for a long while, which will be no small gain; all will have learned to do more than pretend to obey the law of the Church, all will have a chance to be, at the least, as Catholic as the Pope.

It is a saddening thing that in many of the quasi-basilicas of this country, trick organs are performed upon by trick organists; while the faithful gaze and gasp, and finally crowd forward to see the "darling little choir boys" snail-pace out of the sanctuary singing luscious or military airs as a recessional. The "spotlight" of a red cassock and lace cotta set off the youthful singing bird of the day, while Gounod is permitted, in plain defiance of all directions to dance his way around the prostrate liturgy. True, an Introit, in its proper setting is thrown to the rubrics as one would toss a bone to a dog. "We have plainchant," organists protest, "as well as modern things." Indeed we do; and Mr. Wright applauds! The Motu Proprio, however, is a dead letter.

In conclusion I would be glad to have someone enlighten me as to where the custom of a processional and recessional arose? Why this solemn entry and exit of laymen, young and old, singing hymns the while in the vernacular? And why head such extra-liturgical parades with cross and lights as though they were processions of canons and vicars-choral attached to a cathedral or collegiate church? The time spent on training these persons to "process" in an appealing manner, might be spent teaching them how to sing Vespers.

After all, is not the question just this: what are we after? Do we want the people to learn to sing the praises of God in His house or do we rather wish them to sit as quietly as possible and listen to a concert? Surely now, after twenty-five years, we ought to be able to be honest about this matter.

HERBERT W. VAN COUENHOVEN.

FOR UNIVERSAL OBEDIENCE

Newark, N. J.

TO the Editor:—In the April 17 issue of The Commonweal I notice that you are chided by one of your readers for your attitude on prohibition. I fail to see how you can justly be accused of manifesting an interest in the "restoration of liquor traffic" when there has never been a cessation of it. Your correspondent evidently mistakes an impatience with the disastrous results of a "noble experiment" for a common disrespect for law as such.

Surely no one will deny that the present-day extreme lawlessness is an effect of the bootlegging era! And now, thanks to the Jones Bill, violation of the Eighteenth Amendment is a crime even greater than murder.

ELSIE A. GALIK.

The Commonweal invites its readers to send in communications on all topics of public interest, regardless of whether or not such topics have been previously discussed in its columns.

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POEMS

Of Beauty Aloof and Rejected

Now a tall tiger, proud in black and gold,
Walks with soft tread across the jungle mold,
And one lean eagle mounts a lonely sky
To mark the spot where some fat sheep shall die.
In snow-dense forests whiskered lynxes wail
In blackness to plump, cautious mates. The pale
Impartial moon lights branches in cold woods
And lusters smoldering mountains' icy hoods.
The moon in white, the sun in yellow, throw
On the unthoughtful earth their precious glow,
And the vast clouds of heaven mold impearled
The morning and the evening of the world.

Like blue incarnate essence of the sky
Through heavy leaves a sapphire butterfly
Drifts in an unknown land from bud to flower
Down a black aisle beneath white trees that tower
Like buttressed temples, Babel-tall and old.
Their ancient trunks thick cable vines enfold,
And scarce a flame of tropic sky is seen
Lost in the myriad garlands of bold green.

GORDON LAWRENCE.

Portrait of a Farmer

At seven o'clock Jan hitched the double team
To the new plow and drove them on the field;
He showed a conscious pride in the rich yield
Of soft dark loam that opened its white steam
Against the sun's warm light and turned its back
Of sod and weeds once more into the earth,
As it had done with each spring's sudden birth
For seasons upon end. Jan kept no track

Of uneventful things—save notes and babies,
Crops and taxes and all the rest
Occurring upon farms. A dog with rabies
Won his rapt eyes and tender ministry,
But music stirred no answer in his breast,
Nor sunsets, nor the beauty in a tree.

RALPH WALDO SNOW.

I Never See a Lovely Tree

I never see a lovely hill
But see a shadow on its brow. . .
A whitened cherry tree that holds
The dead hands of a tiny bough.

Grief sang its song upon a mount
Where triple crosses wrought a crown,
And every lovely hill I see
Has three ghost-shadows peering down.

WHITELAW SAUNDERS.

The Lost World

And if at last my heart has ceased to wonder,
To wonder at the flashing of a wing;
To marvel at the trumpetings of thunder
Blowing down the sky; to wonder at the spring
That lifts the tulips' cups and gives a stem
That long was bare a sudden burst of flame—
To thrill at seeing how a diadem
Of stars makes hills too lovely for a name—

And if at last, I fail to see the splendor
Of plum trees white as nuns; a shattering rose
That gives its petals in a faint surrender
When summer with her tattered garments goes—
God, let me seek a child beneath the skies
And find my whole lost world within its eyes!

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY.

The Flood

There is a secret fiery flood
That oozes out of lichen horns
Or burns like little beads of blood
Too wickedly alive, in thorns.

It flickers over windy floors
And yet the world is unconsumed.
The day I saw it lick our doors
The cardinal in the valley bloomed.

A sign upon a wing, a mote
From columbine to clematis.
(A mote upon a minim's throat!)
The caterpillar's warning kiss.

A spume, a flake, a spark, a spar,
A hue Proserpina distils,
Tiny and temperate like a star
And only death so hugely spills.

DOROTHY LEONARD.

Song of the Immortal Soul

O little birds of the air that call to me!
O orioles brilliant in your song and dress!
O whippoorwills that sob against a tree
And larks of incoherent happiness!
O curlews with your bleak and empty call!
O wild geese honking home across the sky!
O robins sweet in April twilight! All
Ye little birds of God that sing and fly,
From you I hide this bright bird of my breast,
For if you saw his far-winged journeying
You would fold your wings; you would lay your songs to rest
If you listened behind the stars and heard him sing.

JESSICA POWERS.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Freiburg Passion Play

NINETEEN years ago, in the village of Oberammergau, I first saw the Passion Play. The memory of it remains singularly vivid today. Not even the theatrical pageant which Morris Gest and David Belasco have evolved from the nucleus of the Freiburg version of the same story can blur those earlier scenes, nor make me forget that simplicity and inner zeal can bring back the days of the Crucifixion with poignancy and reverence and true beauty.

At Oberammergau, the performance was entirely in the open air, on a stage almost Elizabethan in character, merely indicating the temple, the house of the high priest and the portico of Pilate's house. A curtain and a few smaller settings within the larger frame completed the "theatrical" equipment. The actors used no make-up, the men merely allowing their beards and hair to grow, and the women being chosen for their physical resemblance to the characters portrayed. Men and women alike went about their tasks in a spirit of consecration, endeavoring throughout the years to bring their personal lives to a point that might render them worthy to portray such a subject. One felt this in the whole atmosphere of the place. Even the long arm of the tourist agencies ceased to be felt the moment one came into the village itself. An incident that comes back to me is that of the cynical boy of eighteen or nineteen who sat behind us with his family and made certain wise remarks during the first half-hour of the play. Before long he was in tears, as completely under the spell of religious sincerity as if he had come prepared for reverence instead of ridicule. That was the mood of Oberammergau, inescapable, solemn and charged with a beauty that was more than material.

On the night of the recent opening of Mr. Gest's imported spectacle, we were greeted at the door by a surging crowd of people, many in gorgeous evening dress, and hardly any in a mood other than that of a festive occasion. Hawkers in the lobby were shouting "Souvenir program of the play—the whole story of the play—fifty cents. Thank you. Words and story of the play. Souvenir program!" Within, the arena of the Hippodrome was gaudily redecorated with murals of the life of Christ, with hanging lamps, and with draped American, French and other flags (the occasion being a benefit performance). A monster orchestra was gathered in the foreground, backed by a group of Russian choir singers. But why go into further details? The incense carefully spread in the air came, in a few moments, to have the sickening psychic smell of cheap pageantry. Small wonder that after the opening scene before the temple, with its brilliant color, its camels and other animals, and the Belasco-trained shouting of a great crowd, a whole section of the audience so far forgot itself as to start a round of applause when the figure of Christ appeared at last amid the waving palm branches. The sublime Figure stood there, actually dwarfed by the surrounding showmanship to the proportions of a star actor or a theatrical hero. I do not blame the audience. I blame the producers for their utter misconception of what they were doing, and for the abominable lack of taste which they displayed.

It is impossible to enter into the motives of men without injustice. I merely submit that whereas the Oberammergau players spend months in spiritual preparation before each decennial revival of the Passion Play, one can hardly expect to find a similar atmosphere created by Mr. Belasco, fresh from the stupidities of Mima, and from such fairly recent productions as Lulu Belle and Ladies of the Evening. His present fault lies in assuming that he was prepared for or equal to the task of directing a play of the Passion. Just where the blame lies in other directions, it is hard to say. But certainly the glowing electric chalice (reminiscent of Parsifal) in the scene of the Last Supper, and the crudely theatrical transparencies used in the garden of Gethsemane and in the scene of the Resurrection, have nothing in common with the simple, crude veracity of Oberammergau. I hope they have nothing in common with the Passion Play as actually presented at Freiburg. It seems to me that the Fassnacht family, who have conducted the Freiburg play for generations, should have exercised some power of veto over such demoralizing effects.

For the rest, there is cause for complaint on purely theatrical grounds. The elaboration of crowd effects and of staging in general results in a scattering of unity to the four winds and in general tediousness. There is also an essential lack of dignity in the treatment of the high priest and the Jewish officials which belittles the import of the whole story, lessening the proportions of the tragedy, and bringing the strange and mystical forces at work to the level of a cheap plotting. If anyone has any desire to see the Passion re-created, so far as humanity is capable of doing it, and, by seeing it, to recapture that exaltation of spirit which it should bring, then by all means let that person make a pilgrimage to Oberammergau where simple faith accomplishes everything that Broadway showmanship shatters.

Bird in Hand

A CURIOUS charm pervades the first act of this comedy at the Morosco Theatre by John Drinkwater, the author of Abraham Lincoln and many other serious plays. Unfortunately the charm diminishes as the dry humor begins to repeat itself and the story becomes tedious.

Among the many characters who gather at a small English inn during a night of storm, you find at first no end of amusement. The pathetic little cockney who is "traveling in sardines" probably catches the spirit of the occasion best when he explains that he makes a hobby of collecting mosses "because mosses don't mean anything." Merry thrusts at the Conservative party, at English yeomanry, at the legal profession and at stodginess in general keep the mood bright and varied. You grow suspicious only when you discover that the play is really going to center about a struggle between Thomas Greenleaf and his daughter Joan over the possibility of her marriage to a young member of the peerage. Thomas believes no good can come to her from marrying out of her station, nor from carrying on like the rest of the youngsters of today. In brief, you suspect considerable moralizing on the problem of the two generations, and before the middle of the second act—and in spite of some good slapstick comedy—your suspicions are hopelessly justified. But the fault goes deeper than the use of a worn-out theme. Good treatment and real dramatic suspense can save even a play on two generations. In this case, the quality of eventual boredom comes from lengthy repetitions. It is a real pity, because Mr. Drinkwater's humor is genuinely delicious without being too whimsical. He does not attempt to be a Milne or a Barrie, and establishes a vein quite his own. A big blue pencil might have turned this long-drawn-out affair into a gem of brief delight. An excellent cast, directed by Mr. Drinkwater himself, provides a perfect medium for the play just as long as it remains a play.

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BOOKS

The Substance of Stories

The Philosophy of Fiction, by Grant Overton. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $3.00.

MR. OVERTON has had a long practical experience in the publishing world which is so well aware of the hopes and dreams of young writers, and his new book, which is somewhat exalted by its title The Philosophy of Fiction, is written on the basis of an elaborate knowledge of the mechanics and routine of narration. It does not belong among the essays which have tried to make an original contribution to the theory of art, like The Craft of Fiction, and Aspects of the Novel; neither should it be classed as a text-book (to which use, however, it will probably be put) for it is unencumbered by extracts, outlines, study programs and charts. It is more fittingly described as a laboratory manual, for the upshot of the volume is the putting together of an original novel, Sangre de Cristo. Each chapter, after the first three, is given over to the discussion of method. In the first three chapters Mr. Overton takes time to rehearse such matters as the relation of fiction to truth, the history of fiction, the material of fiction, etc. It is difficult to believe that anyone today remains in ignorance of these elementary problems, and Mr. Overton has a habit of casting large quantities of thought into the nutshells of aphorism which may easily mislead the student and confuse the beginner through the cloudy immensities such statements suggest. However, the history of fiction proves to be, not a summary of dates and types, but a useful outline of the problems and duties the story undertook to fulfil in different periods of man's social development; and the other introductory sections are distinctly useful in developing in the student some of the enthusiasm and prejudices without which the business of authorship is always a woful drudgery. The temper of Mr. Overton's statements shows that he would be the first to disclaim any remarkable originality for his main arguments.

By far the best chapters, however, are those which follow. In laying before the reader the mechanics of the good novel, and in applying the principles he has laid bare to two laboratory experiments of his own making, he shows himself an expert in the manufacture of successful books. His models are excellent: Willa Cather, the earlier Arnold Bennett, Jane Austen, R. H. Mottram, Conrad, Melville, Bojer and Emily Brontë; and one is frequently reassured as to the value of his critical remarks by his references to E. M. Forster, Stevenson, Lubbock, and other original critics. The analyses of Moby Dick, A Lost Lady, and Nostromo are, from the craftsman's angle, particularly felicitous. The two laboratory demonstrations give the beginner some idea of the patience and rigorous training his new work requires.

But this book, like many others, leaves with us a knotty problem. How far does this training in plot structure, character methods and motivation go in producing great books? The O.Henry Memorial stories, or the authors laureated by Mr. O'Brien every year, offer slight assurance that mechanical and structural perfection yields much worthy art. The best-seller standard prevails in our narrative art to such an extent that we almost deify the Katherine Mansfields and Thornton Wilders who sometimes appear with their unconventional but superior works. Mr. Overton's book is one of the best of its kind, but it will probably do little to remove the dubious effects of a stultifying professionalism.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL.

Tara's Repertory

A Handbook of Irish Music, by Richard Henebry. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $7.00.

OVER in Ireland they do not go in for "humanizing" knowledge. We in America have seen and can bear witness against the flagrant defects and misinformation such a process of teaching opens up; but I doubt if it is not really the lesser of two evils, after reading a "tonometric examination" of Irish music (done with the "Appun" tonometer, apparently not to be confused with the tonometer of Scheibler, well known to musicians) in which we are brought into a bizarre pasture of logarithms to find the equations necessary to transcribe the old tunes of Ireland upon music paper.

These songs have been preserved through the agency of the human voice alone, much after the fashion of the folk-songs of other countries, and such material is the very fabric of a people's cultural heritage. Dr. Henebry "puts the writing of Irish music in terms of the modern scale entirely out of the question." Its rhythm also escapes capture on staff paper. The songs tonometricized with the Appun instrument are highly ornamental in melodic line, are full of "slides," and usually end with a complicated ornament; in a word, they are as freely decorative as the designs of a Persian rug.

The book has been delayed since 1916, when the Reverend Richard Henebry died, for the accumulation of the subscriptions and contributions necessary to the publication of purely scholastic works. At the time of his death and for many years previous, the author held the chair of Irish at University College, Cork. A preface appears to have been lost; otherwise the work is as it left the author's hand. Some of the views expressed in the book are quite original and thereby controversial.

Dr. Henebry was a devotee of Irish traditional culture, to which more than to music, the book is an exhaustive, one fears even exhausting, contribution. He is motivated and writes on music from the springboard of philology, but alas we are a long way from Nietzsche.

It is, I suppose, the privilege of every writer on music to redefine the subject after his own heart. Dr. Henebry is far from an exception to the rule; and like all authors not professionally interested in music, he is very copious in shallow and lengthy soliloquy on the heavenly art. The major portion of the work is forbiddingly technical for the music lover, and, as musical knowledge goes, impracticable for the professional musician. On the other hand, it is a veritable strike for the musicologist, as the subject of Irish music has engaged the attention of only a small group of musical scholars and, to my knowledge, no philologist.

WALTER V. ANDERSON.

An African's Lost Hope

The Pedro Gorino, by Harry Dean and Sterling North. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3.50.

THE creation of a nation for the Negro on his native continent has figured largely in the schemes for the solution of what has come to be known as "the Negro problem." The establishment and history of the republic of Liberia has been a sad answer to the proponents of the plan. It has not succeeded because of a multiplicity of circumstances, but most importantly because the American Negro had no desire to leave the country of his adoption. He has never been impressed with the ideal of racial autonomy, nor is he innately

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conscious of race, in the manner in which the Italians, the Germans, the English, the Irish or the Jews are conscious of race. When he comes to think of his kind as a race it is only with those thoughts which have been engendered by the history of his contact with the white man. Even in the face of subjugation and discrimination he has shown little inclination to unite in any movement that could be characterized as racial. Nevertheless the dream of a Negro nation, like the dream of Zion, persists, and hence the tale of Captain Harry Dean and Sterling North, The Pedro Gorino, will be read with intenser interest. For Captain Dean imaged an Ethiopian empire and spent a sizeable fortune and many years in his efforts to realize his vision. The authenticity of his account one must leave to the trustworthiness of his publishers, but his achievement is a matter of history, since he accomplished nothing.

In his objection to the word "Negro" the whole fallacy of his idea can be traced. Captain Dean feels that there is "no 'Negro race,' only many African races." Considered from the nationalistic standpoint he is correct, and his efforts to coalesce nations of varying customs, moralities and religions was destined to go the way of all arbitrary unions. Nevertheless he did establish a foundation for an empire, which, had he received the proper coöperation from his brothers in America, might possibly have been a flourishing and independent country today.

The story of his trading in Africa, his visits to Lorenço Marques where he was offered Portuguese East Africa for a ridiculously small sum, his parleys with Segow Faku, king of the Pondos, his reconciliation of the Pondos with the Pondo Mesis, his antagonistic reception by the British of South Africa and his final ruin by trickery provide reading made more glamorous by the pathos of a lost cause. Just what part Mr. North has played in the shaping of the book cannot be determined, but the work is one of a master of smooth and picturesque English. The descriptive passages are particularly fine. The Captain has made the imperialism of Rhodes the object of his bitterest condemnation, but for the Boers, who were losing their war at the time of his travels, he has no kinder words. The whole attitude of the white man to the natives comes in for the fiercest of arraignments and it is certain that a true history of South and Central Africa will have to be written in different terms than those which were given the world at the time of Africa's initial colonization.

The Pedro Gorino is not destined to have the sensational appeal of the books brought out of Africa by Trader Horn, but whatever success it enjoys will be thoroughly deserved.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

In Praise of Discipline

For Lancelot Andrewes, by T. S. Eliot. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.00.

THE line of demarkation between Mr. Eliot's prose and verse is squarely drawn. His criticism is comparative, not interpretive: his master, Matthew Arnold; his abomination, the misdirection of a creative talent that results in a Walter Pater. The virtue that he praises above all others is discipline, and in the practice of discipline he has outdone even his master. He is profoundly conscious of tradition, and his judgments are impersonal in so far as they give voice always to the past. It is this impersonality of judgment that makes his position among contemporary critics a major one. In this age when revolutions have dislodged the individual ego from the polarizing influence of a common inheritance of disciplined experience, his is the prodigious task of calling to order once more the remnants, the fragments of an ordered past.

In the preface to Lancelot Andrewes, Mr. Eliot has at last definitely identified himself with easily-recognized labels. "Classicist in literature, royalist in politics, and Anglo-Catholic in religion": such he now names himself, once and for all making further conjecture concerning his principles and policies superfluous. Nor is it anything but consciousness that the order he has arrived at finds only distorted and wavering reflection in others that makes him add, "I am quite aware that the first term is completely vague, and easily lends itself to claptrap; I am aware that the second term is at present without definition, and easily lends itself to what is almost worse than claptrap, I mean conservatism; the third does not rest with me to define."

To recognize discipline and the regard for tradition that is contained in the larger sense of that word as the core of his classicism is not difficult. His prose is classical. The clarity, the precision of the unmetaphorical style he has perfected could be called nothing else. Classicist, too, is his insistence upon order and well-reasoned, substantial argument, his continuous discipline of the present with the past.

With royalism these essays have little to do. The sermons of Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester, of John Bramhall, Bishop of Derry under Charles I, of John Donne: in appreciation of these, his reasonable faith finds utterance. With his estimates of Andrewes and of Bramhall one is in accord, but one wonders if, in his devotion to austerity, he has not erred in seeking of Donne's full-hearted faith a more austere utterance. I do not find the comparison of Donne and Andrewes as apt as it seems to Mr. Eliot—but this might be construed as carping.

The rest of these eight essays treat of Machiavelli, of Francis Herbert Bradley, of Mr. Symons's translation of Baudelaire; of Middleton's plays, Richard Crashaw's poems, and the humanism of Professor Babbitt. Of the last one can say only that it seems by far the most acute criticism of Professor Babbitt's work that has been written.

R. ELLSWORTH LARSSON.

Hard-Headed Gentility

The Cradle Song and Other Plays, by G. Martinez Sierra. $2.00; The Kingdom of God and Other Plays, by G. Martinez Sierra. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

CONFIDENCE is one distinguishing mark in the writing of G. Martinez Sierra. He sees clearly enough what he wishes to do; has no doubt that his audience wishes him to do it. Let others grope in a blind alley. He is dead sure about his materials; dead sure that his arrangement of them is good theatre. This may explain, on the one hand, certain lapses; the verbosity, for instance, of the second act in The Kingdom of God; it will explain also why the simple outline of types in the first act of the same play should create such hilarity, and produce in the third, such a blend of sympathy, indignation, humor and true wisdom. He is dealing with visions which leave no excuse for fumbling, and ideals which of themselves lend largely the strength of sustenance.

This may explain, too, why he seldom yields in situations which inevitably present the temptation to sentimentalize. Often he flirts with this peril, but the dexterity with which he avoids any contact more direct comes, one may be fairly cer-

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tain, not as the result of deliberation, but from a familiarity with his problem, and contempt, or ease, born of that. The epilogue to Wife to a Famous Man, for instance, starts out to invite pathos, ends by provoking laughter. The play itself, of a more popular nature than most, may be cited as one example of the hard-headed gentility which is Sierra's manner of telling a story that another would design to excite great weeping in the gallery.

Another is afforded by The Two Shepherds, in many respects the best of these plays. It relates the supplanting of a village priest and a village physician by two younger men. After having given thirty hard years to his parish, Don Antonio has failed to pass a diocesan examination in theology, and has been assigned to the chaplaincy of an almshouse for old women, less in need of sound doctrine than the villagers. The physician is a victim of the town councilors' admiration for youth, and will have nothing to do the rest of his days but criticize his successor. What a chance for tears! But while we are sorry for the priest and the doctor, we know that they are wise enough, good-natured enough, and stout enough to rise above this present tribulation. And so the joke, after all, is on authority, and on youth; it is on the archbishop who questioned the fitness of experienced shepherds; it is on the young priest who has been sent to take Antonio's place and who will eat his heart out for the niceties of Madrid; it is on the villagers who are enthralled, for the moment, at the young man's graces. It is, incidentally, on us.

This tender irony of Sierra's is a characteristic lent him by his race. It is a description of much of Spanish literature, as it is almost a definition of the Spanish people. It is something which a Spaniard comes by naturally, as a birthright, and which the peoples we are most familiar with—because we are most familiar with their literature—English, French, German, Scandinavian and Russian, do not have in any marked degree.

VINCENT ENGELS.

Washington's Homestead

Mount Vernon on the Potomac; History of the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union, by Grace King. New York: The Macmillan Company. $4.00.

GRACE KING has shown great industry and enormous patience in tracing the development of the Mount Vernon Association from its conception in the brain of Ann Pamela Cunningham, the invalid lady from South Carolina, to the highly developed, smoothly-functioning organization of the present day.

One misses what might well have been put at the beginning of the first chapter, a brief history of the building itself and the origin of the name. George Washington inherited the place from his brother Lawrence; the latter had named it for Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served as a young man. It is to be regretted that Miss King did not mention the chivalrous action, in 1814, of Captain Gordon who, instead of demolishing Mount Vernon with his guns, saluted it. As it is, she skips all the earlier decades, opening her history in 1853, the year in which Miss Cunningham began the work she was to carry to a well-earned success over tremendous obstacles.

Every American should be grateful to Miss Cunningham for saving the home of Washington from the complete obliteration that threatened it. Not only was the house falling to ruin but the hill itself was subject to erosion from rain and river current. Had all this been told swiftly and succinctly

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NEXT WEEK

Life in Russia seems to most of us as incomprehensible as life on some imaginary Mars. Louise Lafitte has collected a great deal of first-hand information for a paper entitled THE RUSSIAN EXPERIMENT. Its value seems to lie in the fact that it contains neither praise nor blame but the fruits of observation. . . . Paganism has now progressed so far that some people are even finding it in Christianity. The Rev. T. Lawrason Riggs has therefore entitled his article IS OUR CHRISTIANITY PAGAN? It is an important subject and the treatment is thorough. . . . Robert Sencourt has been entrusted with the task of writing a new, official biography of George Meredith. He has promised to write several essays for us, based upon hitherto unused material. The first, to appear next week, is called UNPUBLISHED POEMS OF GEORGE MEREDITH. There are some lyrics, including an extraordinary one about St. Teresa. . . . What has and can be done for Catholic boys in the Navy? The Rev. W. A. Maguire has sent us, from the Arkansas, a paper which hits straight from the shoulder. THE CHURCH IN THE NAVY discusses a situation of the greatest importance. . . . Louis Golding has written another charming travelogue, CONCERNING LITTLE CITIES. It has pleased and interested us considerably, and we think you will like it. . . . Publication of the Martindale article, announced some time ago, has unfortunately been delayed. We hope to print it soon.

it would have made interesting reading, but Miss King's style is overburdened with adjectives and marred by hyperbole. To say that Miss Cunningham "was almost divinely appointed for her mission," and that "the vision of rescuing the home of Washington from decay was like the vision of the Cross that appeared to Saint Helena," gives a touch of exaggeration that is not pleasing.

Miss King spares herself no pains in following every step of the first years of struggle to raise the purchase money and to preserve the place from the wear and tear of thousands of visitors. The persistent and intelligent efforts of the Association to trace and collect Washington relics is also told with meticulous care. Her work should prove valuable as a book of reference, all the information it contains being authentic and above all accurate.

MARY F. MCMULLEN.

Reprints

THE writer's index to immortality is the number of editions. To assist in this good work is one of the ambitions of E. P. Dutton and Company, acting with the collaboration of the worthy old firm of J. M. Dent and Sons. Doubtless the publication of Everyman's Library first suggested the possibilities latent in this kind of venture, but the field is now much wider and the diggings therein are more elaborate. Among the new offerings is a set of Jane Austen, with illustrations in color by C. E. Brock ($2.00). This is just the form in which to enjoy Sense and Sensibility, or Mansfield Park. George Gissing has likewise been impressed into new clothes, although these—good bindings but exceedingly small type—do not seem to fit perfectly. Even so it is a pleasure to see such representative books as New Grub Street and Thyrza going the rounds again. The same firm has reissued in attractive form Edward Lear's Book of Nonsense, with pleasant additions from the frivolous writings of others ($1.50) and Mr. Hargrave Jennings's eminently serious (but perhaps not less nonsensical) account of The Rosicrucians ($4.00). This volume offers what is probably the best and most readable account in English of the "mysterious fraternity" which, by dint of rites and symbols, greatly influenced modern European habits. Finally Dutton offers a new edition of George Sand and Her Lovers, by Francis Gribble ($5.00). At first sight this may seem merely an account of various unsavory amours; but it is an almost indispensable document to one who is trying to study the Romantic movement.

The Macmillan Company offers a new edition of American Government and Politics, by Charles A. Beard ($3.75). This standard work on a major aspect of civics has been revised and brought up to date once again. No better book of the kind is available. The Modern Reader's Series, published by Macmillan, is a sequence of well-bound, convenient blue books priced at $.80 each. A number of attractive titles have been added recently. We have just been looking at one—Lang's prose translation of the Iliad, edited by Mr. Pelunis. Among many reprints of books devoted to religious themes, we note especially a new translation of The Spiritual Exercises of Saint Ignatius. The version was made from the original Spanish by a Benedictine of Stanbrook, and has been competently edited by the Reverend C. Lattey, S.J. (St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $1.75). Here is a great book in an adequate form. What more could the lover of books and the confirmed reader demand?

T. C.

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Briefer Mention

A Glimpse of Greece, by Edward Hutton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $6.00.

MR. HUTTON has no superior in English as a travel writer both expert and poetic. It is difficult to anneal the two characteristics solidly while journeying through Greece, because the murky present is sadly dissonant from the glorious, sunlit ages which are gone. The present book manages fairly well, especially when the smaller cities are under consideration. Mr. Hutton is lucid and visionary enough when he treats of the wheat-fields of Boeotia, or the lovely site of Daulis. Because he so constantly varies the scene (and the age, too, by romping from Attic days to twentieth-century circumstance) he is almost the ideally entertaining and enlightening guide whom one has always wished for. Unfortunately a traveling companion is introduced—none other than Mr. Norman Douglas. The conversations with him are carefully transcribed, but they strengthen one's conviction that he is, in real life, quite definitely monotonous-minded. A series of charming illustrations, many of them fairly novel, compensate for one's disappointment.

The Good Red Bricks, by Mary Synon. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.00.

THE bricks here mentioned are the physical constituents of the turbulent yet somehow local and intimate Chicago of the nineties. The mastery of atmosphere and of apparently simple yet really compelling detail which years of short-story writing have given Miss Synon are employed effectively in this story of the defeat and victory of Sally Burt. It is an uncomplicated little story, human enough to absorb us, yet not bearing so heavily upon our sympathies that it passes beyond the realm of entertainment. Sally is a blossom growing on a deceptively tough stem. She gets her code mostly from men of the track, men of the ward, men of the ring, and it turns out to be a fairly good one. She sees her father, the railroaded politician, through; she sees her husband, the prize-fighter who should have been a doctor, through; she even sees Violet Caine through, though it was Violet who stole her husband and broke up her home. At the end there is the promise of compensation for Sally in success as a singer, and perhaps in religion. It is all authentic Chicago, and Miss Synon has utilized well her opportunities for blocking in the garish scene.

Jingling in the Wind, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts. New York: The Viking Press. $2.00.

IT IS hardly possible to review this impredicable book, but one can make a sort of approach to its quality by saying that it suggests the madder parts of James Stephens's The Demi-Gods and The Crock of Gold. Miss Roberts has gone on an intellectual spree. She utilizes the love story of two rain-makers, Tulip McAfee and Jeremy, from some unidentifiable region which she calls Kentucky, as a frame for an unrelated and delectable jumble of wit, slyness, drollery, poetry and wisdom. The fragments gleam with the high finish of an accomplished writer's art. It is an ungrateful task to indicate preferences in a design where all is rich and brilliant; but there are two scenes, one between Jeremy and a wise spider, the other having as a centre-piece a tall, thin New Thought dyspeptic eating himself into a fit, which will trebly repay the connoisseur of this type of restorative craziness for reading.

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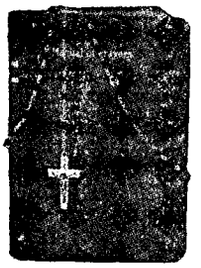

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The Adams Shakespeare: Hamlet. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00.

THE well-known American biographer of Shakespeare, Professor Joseph Quincy Adams, has projected a new edition of the plays. Hamlet, the first volume, offers a text which differs in many details—notably punctuation—from those established by other collations. Appropriate glossary notes are affixed to every page, and may be commended for brevity and sense. The most important part of the book, is, however, a commentary which follows the action closely and explains all problematic matters. It is possibly more suited to the general reader than to the class-room student, but has been written in a genuinely critical and understanding spirit. Professor Adams may be emphasizing a little too strongly the influences of the stage upon Shakespearean writing. In this he is merely following the spirit of the time, which rejoices in its hard-won knowledge of the technical aspects of Elizabethan drama.

Napoleon: The Man, by Dmitri S. Merezhkovsky. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

ALTHOUGH the present biographical style is diametrically opposed to the principle of unreasoned hero-worship, Dmitri Merezhkovsky stops little short of deification. He has really attempted a biography of Napoleon's "soul," of which he asks "where is the soul that possesses scales for bearing the weight of Napoleon?" The reviewer can dismiss Napoleon: The Man with Merezhkovsky's own analysis of Léon Bloy's The Soul of Napoleon. He writes that it is "a book weird, incoherent, boundless, at times almost insane."

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